

The University
of Alberta

The Offensive Students' Newspaper since 9:30 this morning

getaway

<http://www.ass.getaway.fuckwaldo.ca>Volume 86, Issue 24
Thursday, December 5, 1996

GETAWAY SOLD OFF BY SU!

MEDIA BARON BLACK NEW OWNER; TURFS ENTIRE STAFF

by *Getaway* staff
Canada's largest media mogul has just added another paper to his already impressive collection.

Konrad Black has just purchased the *Getaway* from the Students' Union, and will take over operation of the paper in January as its new publisher.

Due to budget constraints, SU officials were more than happy to privatize the student press. "With a \$200 million-dollar deficit, we needed to cut costs. We're spending too much

newspapers in Canada by Black's company Hullinger Inc. "We'll teach those whiny commie bastards running the student press a thing or two!" said Black.

Black's first move was to disband the two news-sharing collectives for Canadian universities, the Canadian University Press and the National Student News Wire, and to replace them with Black News Services, which will dictate national news stories to all papers. (See *Campus*



Coleslaw Malanoma

"No one can stop me now! I control the press AND the universities! Soon EVERYONE will think like me! Not because I'm forcing them, of course, but because it's RIGHT."

—Konrad Black, new owner of the *Getaway*

Getaway staff look on in terror as Canadian media mogul Konrad Black takes power.

on this obscenely biased pseudo-journalistic rag as it is," said SU president Bearshit Pissed-on.

"What? The *Getaway* actually makes money for the SU?" exclaimed Pissed-on later, after meeting with vp finance and embezzlement Dave Loser. "Aw, fuck."

The *Getaway* will be added to Black's extensive media holdings, which include the *Edmonton Journal*, the *Calgary Herald*, the *Montreal Gazette*, the *Ottawa Citizen*, the *Jerusalem Post*, the *London Daily Telegraph*, a bunch of newspapers in Australia that nobody ever heard of, the government of Ontario and several star systems in the Delta quadrant.

The purchase price of the *Getaway* was not disclosed. However, Loser was later overheard in the toilet saying "you could buy a hell of a lot of beer with what we got for the *Getaway*. Well, if it was Happy Hour. At the Strath."

The move was part of a takeover bid of all campus

Connption, page 2)

Black's also plans to "right-size" the editorial staff. "We need to get rid of all of those spewers of soft, left, bland, envious pap and replace them with some right-thinking individuals. Especially that pinko commie Hose Upchuck. Bet she's sorry she wrote that piece about me now!" said Black.

Editor-in-chief Kris Jackass was invited to stay on, but resigned due to what he called "potential conflicts" with the new management.

"The hell I'd stay on with that goddamn ass-sucking fuckwaldo running the show," said Spackle. "I'd rather have my testicles strung out on an ironing board and have them chewn off by Rita McNeil than work for Black."

Jackass will be replaced by *Altrebla Retort* publisher Dink Minefield in January. "Mine! All MINE! HAHAAHAHAHAHA!!!" said Minefield. The new editor plans to include more feature articles on the evils of University

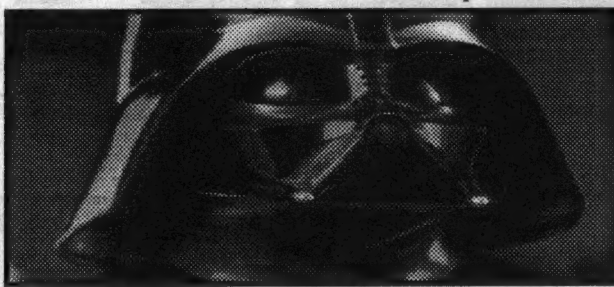
life and how students should "stop whining and pay more for their education. I did. Well, I would have if I had gone to University. Dad wouldn't let me, 'cause he thought I might come out as one of them hippie freaks and queers."

Other changes reflected Black's reputation as a cost-cutter. "We saw no need for two news editors, so we cut the position in half," grinned Black. News editors Dim Doltz and Hose Upchuck were promptly sliced in half and were replaced by Edmonton *Sun* columnist Ezekiel Lerant. Doltz and Upchuck were rehired by the SU, and will be appearing as the lunch special at L'Express for the month of January.

Managing Editor Dill Pickleson will be replaced by Southam columnist Bobo Schlemiel who, entirely coincidentally, happens to be Konrad Black's wife. Schlemiel defended her appointment at the

Getaway: "Of course I got the job because of my qualifications! The fact that I'm Konrad's wife and dropped out of school at Grade 10 because I couldn't count any higher than that has nothing to do with me getting the job!" said Schlemiel.

Entertainment editor Snot Tarpaulin will be replaced by Ernie Doombs, TV's Mr. Dress-up.



"None of that weird alternative music crap anymore; we'll be covering nothing but family-values television," said Doombs. Casey and Finnegan will be doing gig reviews on a regular basis, he added.

Photo editor Coleslaw Melanoma will not be fired, but "re-educated," said Minefield. "We will teach him how to doctor

photos just like we used to at *Altrebla Retort*. And those leather fetish photos will never make it into the paper again! They'll be under my mattress instead," he winked.

Circulation manager Super Savage and production editor Pristine Awesomestuff will stay in their respective positions under the new regime. "They're babes," said Black lustfully. "Not to mention I'm hot for Tammy, Pristine's phone-sex alter ego. Yowza!"

Black says he will refrain from interfering in the editorial policies of his campus newspapers. "As long as they see things my way, they'll be just fine," he said smiling and showing his teeth, still dripping with blood.

Black denied allegations by journalists across the country that he was the "Darth Vader of Canadian journalism". "Your powers are weak, old man. I am the master now!", said Black, throwing the reporter back against the wall using the power of the Force.

they said it

INSIDE

—La-la-la-la-la
LAFONTAINE!

—Recently hospitalized
former sports editor Spayed
Woodchuk

CONDIMENTS

Urine	p.3, 15
Butter	p.5
Cool Whip	p.9
Phlegm	p.12
Saline	p.14
Poo	p.16
Humble Pie	p.18
Sweat	p.19

Jumpin' geologists, Batman! An engineering prank goes bad and results in an atomic explosion in Earth Sciences. *News*, page 4.

Craggs leaves the pack: *Getaway* columnist Puke Craggs finally relents and writes a left-wing column. Go figure. *Opinion*, page 7.

Rocking down the jube: The ESO teams up with Metallica to produce a head-banging spectacular! Come Bach for more in *Entertainment*, page 14.

Professional turnover: Because large concentrations of testosterone have been shown to incite riots, pro-sports teams will now be all female. *Sports*, page 19.

Campus Connption

Campus news from across Alberta and Canada

The Getaway is a member of the Konrad Black New Wire (KBNW), an information-sharing network of universities across Canada.

News Editors: Dim Doltz and Hose Upchuck 492-6666

Universities reranked

by Lunar Pudinsky & Squeela Prodder

A recent correction released by McLean Deluxe magazine reveals that due to an episode of bizarre editorial drunkenness, a number of categories essential to the ranking process for the recent cover article

"We have the best trained burger flippers in the country. Now that's achievement."

—University president Robb Razor

ranking universities were excluded.

The correction, which includes the eliminated categories as well as an enlightening examination of new programs, elaborates on the issues most important to a Canuck student selecting their institute of enhanced enlightenment.

The new survey takes into account those criteria revered by the most deliberating debaters. New benchmarks include number of profs who grant more than two week extensions, the number of sports teams that practise in the

nude, and the percentage of the school's budget spent on snow removal.

"Students and their families should give serious consideration to the new order," said Aan L. Reententiv, editor-in-chief of McLeans. "They are a much more accurate reflection of life on a campus."

McGill University is the new king in the land of java, where the cost of a cup of cappuccino is 125 per cent below the norm across the country. At a paltry 55 cents a cup, the quality is phenomenal and the caffeine content is quite stimulating.

Also given consideration were the average cost of textbooks, the volume of pop cans recycled, the minimum length of time needed to procure oral sex from a complete stranger, the number of pedways, the percentage of SU hacks in the student body, and the average cost of a parking ticket.

Under the new system, the U of A's ranking improved from 8th place to 6th and the University of Calgary went up to third. In an astonishing leap, the University of Lethbridge took first place, beating out McGill, Waterloo, U of T, Western, Harvard, and Starfleet Academy.

"We're damn proud of our blowers," said SU president Hairnet Hardon. He pointed to the U of A's achievements in naked varsity sports, body piercing, hangovers, and percentage of budget spent on snow removal. Or maybe he was just pointing to his own hardon. We're not sure.

Digested Campus Events

E IS FOR ELECTION

by Calgary Dork

U of C students have failed to comprehend the concept of having their Students' Union president run for king of the world once again. With three monkeys dancing in the middle of the campus, most students ended up being too entertained to remember to vote. "[The president of the SU] like, told us before about this [whole plan]

IT'S SOCK ADVENTURE SOCKMAN AND HIS LINTY MINIONS OF DEATH!! BONZAI!!!

but like I says to Bob, this is a really [really] stupid [really] idea. What is this shit? And where did they get that funky monkey?" said P.C. Power, a eighth year bioarts student.

Unkikker Smlafchov, vp exterior of carbon-based life forms commented on the whole situation. "Sacre bleu! Quel dommage! Le chienne est dans le maison! Qui est la? Un homme? Maintenant, je suis tres stupide! Au revoir." Translators could not explain the relevancy of this to the Gauntly.

Buggy Doo, the shitty old man on the street with a really dumb name, was offered a job as candidate for king, due to his relative irrelevance to the entire situation. "I'm crazy! Craaaaaazzy!! What's this bugalishious zane? Crew? Back to work, soldier. Holey crap! IT'S SOCK ADVENTURE SOCKMAN AND HIS LINTY MINIONS OF DEATH!! BONZAI!!!!" said Boo.

400 of the 12,000 students attending the U of C managed to figure out the voting concept. Of those 400, nearly 28 were literate. Of 28 ballots filled out in english, 17 were fouled. The vote came down to 5 for the plan, 6 against. Grammar teacher Bovar Charendor was especially traumatized by this shit. "Crapalishious! I hear my crazy brother got nominating for the thing with kingness! Some shit, kids. Let's fight!" After dodging punches from the second craziest man in town, this reporter smoked heavily.

"Oh, yeah...that's the shit. mmm. good. fzzzzzzz. bweow. Let's dance," said this funky reporter.

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY SELF-INDULGENT

—Passional Studnet Crapus Nudes Whore

Students on campus have found their holy grail, their heaven, their Valhalla. Questing dragon-loving dorks, dressed in really dorky mock armor have finally found what they were searching for. In a little box, under a magic tree at the University of Potatotown, P.E.I., dorky students found the amazing box of sleep, long since stolen from the production crew of *The Getaway*.

"Well, Stewart had just rolled 12d6 damage to my dragon's body armor, and he was so happy, he yelled out 'Dragon power', but the tree fell on him. Under the tree was this box, and when I opened it, I got really tired. Yaroslav (he was the one dressed up as a gnome), thought we should chant the mantra of magic right then, but when we saw that the box had 'The Getaway' written all over it, we decided it was time to go into the bathroom and watch each other masterbate Stewart's dog."

Somehow, the box was returned to *The Getaway*, bringing much relief to the exhausted editors and volunteers, most of whom were near death.

—compiled by Weal Ozonehole

THURSDAY 5th
Brit Pop Night
With D.J. Jessie

FRIDAY 6th
Drinks of Doom
with Dr. Death

SATURDAY 7th
U of A Snowboard
Club Night

Win A Burton Snowboard

MONDAY 9th
Free Pool Monday

TUESDAY 10th
Scotch & Cigar
Night

DeWess



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MAIN FLOOR Student's Union Building

We were supposed to make fun of Cam Calt tonight but we're not going to. NO! So there, Cam. You dared us and we're chickening out. Anyway, for those of you that aren't completely repulsed yet, you can still come out in January and write for us. Why? Because we're funny. We're intelligent. And gosh darnit, it's the volunteers that run this paper and bring the news to students. Look on the bright side - you can write in the joke issue next April. Getaway News, Thursdays at 4:00, 8-10 PM. Because we were too cool to slag Cam Calt.

PISSED-ON NAMED LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

59.87 per cent say OK to get rid of SU prez

by Shla So-there and Piss Swiller

Students' Union president Bearshit Pissed-on has finally gotten his seat under the Dome.

Pissed-on abandoned his quest for a position as a member of the legislative assembly last week after a surprise appointment by Gene Cretin as Alberta's new lieutenant-governor.

"Well, uh, we were

"Lieutenant Governor demands a person of integrats- intrageat ... Fuck it, you know what I mean!" said Marlo Seattle.

overwhelming by Messier Pissed-on's andling of the process democratique," said Cretin in a press conference yesterday, referring to a U of V plebiscite early November that garnered 59.87 per cent student support for his MLA candidacy. "Ee was relentless in securing d'support of Council Students in d'face of adversity. I admire 'is tenacity."

Piston was expected to take office next week, but that may be delayed until an investigation of alleged fascist activity in his first year of university is completed. Evidence that Pissed-on wore a swastika on his lab coat while a basket weaving major has enraged opponents of Pissed-on's appointment.

"Lieutenant Governor demands a person of integrats- intrageat ... Fuck it, you know what I mean!" said Marlo Seattle. "We feel Pissed-on's actions were highly inappropriate, uh, I mean inebriate ... I mean, bad."

"Pissed-on should not be allowed to take on this post," lamented Me! Me! Killems, another opponent. "He rounded up in the plebiscite; now he's trying to round out the past."

For his part, Pissed-on defied his challengers to prove their case. "D'OH!! I didn't do it, nobody saw me do it, you can't prove anything!"

However, the *Getaway* has uncovered evidence of Pissed-on's sordid past. Speaking on condition of anonymity, Pissed-on's SU compatriot Poops Garrison said: "Swastika? Swastika?! Yeah ... that's it. A swastika. Dozens of 'em. HUNDREDS. He was a regular Brownshirt, goose-stepping every where, demanding we all call him mein Führer. He doesn't deserve to be Lieutenant-Governor. No, Alberta needs someone as pure as the driven snow, someone with an unblemished record, someone okey-doekely dandy!"

Unfortunately, Ned Flanders isn't available for the appointment.

"No, you asshole! I was thinking of me!" said Garrison.

"I think it's a sad statement when one can be lambasted and ostracized for not having watched *The Simpsons*," said Snott Sapeless to no one in particular.

Garrison's response: "Oh fuck, you people are slow. I meant ME!!!!"

Engineers develop piss-mobile

New technology will replace gas, say Geers

by Piss Swiller

Pissing around had positive results for the Engineering faculty. Members of the Mechanical Engineering department claim they have invented a car that runs on human urine.

Experiments in piss power began in September, said sixth-year mechanical engineering undergrad Seymore Arse, after he and some friends found scientific merit in a late-night prank.

"We were in the Saskatchewan Drive parking lot and someone dared me to piss in a prof's gas tank. To our surprise, the damn thing drove after that!"

Before the car got too far, Spunk and his friends pulled a surprised prof out of the car and beat the living shit out of him. Professor Rodney King remains in university hospital recovering from serious head injuries. "Can't we all just get along?" he moaned when asked for a comment.

After dismantling the car, Buns and his friends found the vehicle's old-fashioned engine ran at dangerously high temperatures and had a broken alternator, which changed the alignment of urinary electrons. Combined, they caused the ammonia in Arse's urine to spark, firing the engine.

Arse and his friends soon developed a urine-converter, which can be installed in the fuel line of any vehicle. They unveiled the idea last week in the form of a piss-powered Porche that can travel for up to 10 miles on a single gallon of piss, Arse said.

"The only problem is producing enough urine to get the car from point A to point B. I mean, whose bladder is big enough to squirt off a gallon of piss?" Asse said. "The only solution is to drink a helluva lot of brewskis before you go anywhere."

Students were enthusiastic about the idea. "I can finally afford to run my car," said Eric Shun, a philosophy student. "I mean, I'm buying the beer anyway, and couldn't afford gas. Now I don't have to worry about it. And to think I wasted all these years pissing in my neighbors' shrubbery when I could have been keeping my car on the road."

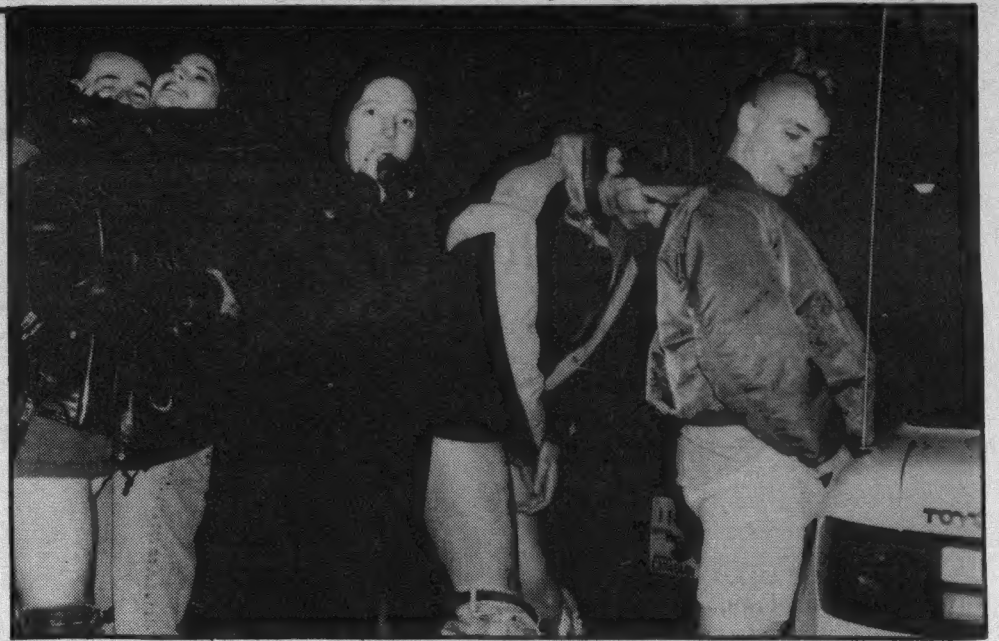
Getaway production editor Pristine Awesomfuck's phone-sex alter ego Tammy wasn't impressed with the technological advances in the car. "How big is the back seat?" asked Tammy.

"He's such a good boy," said Arse's mother, Mrs. Arse.

"What the hell are you talking about, urine power? No, I don't want a demonstration! Get that thing the hell away from me!" said some large-breasted Amazonian dancer who wasn't at the demonstration, but she was good-looking so I asked her anyway.

Industry reaction was less enthusiastic.

"Aw, fuck! And I just bought a boat!" said General Motor Works spokeswoman Dianne Tadoya-



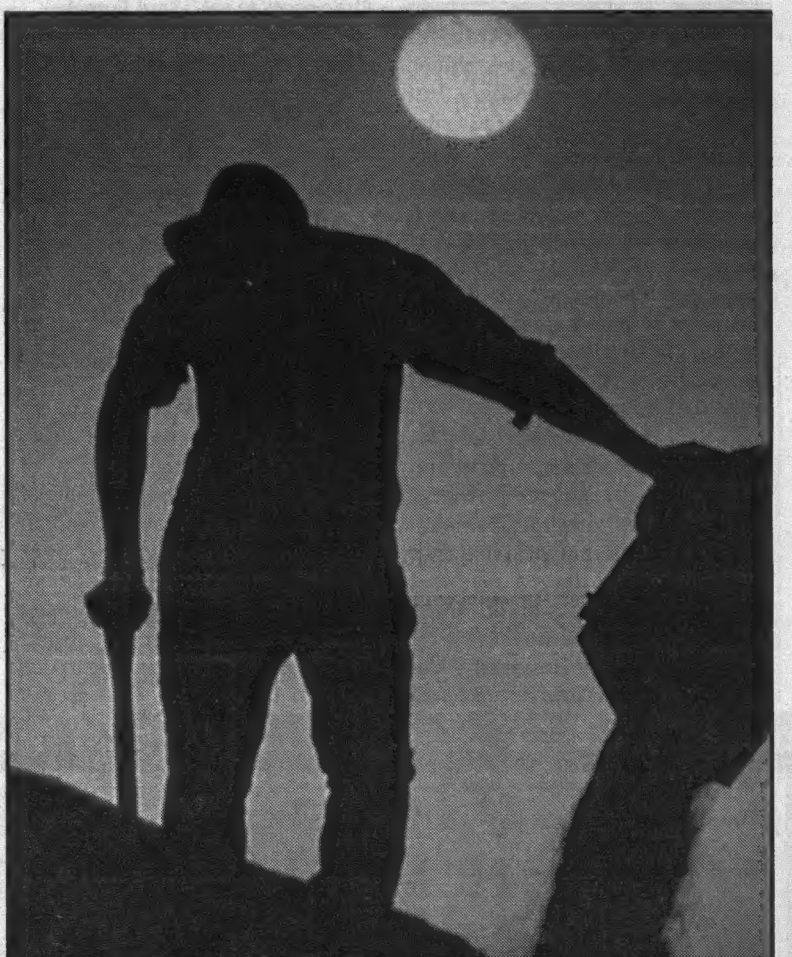
These happy Engineering students are doing what they do best.

Moore.

Essel Petroleum didn't return calls to the *Getaway*, but after a severe thrashing about the head with a large stick, spokesman Gerry Atricks agreed to comment on the

record.

"Agghh! How was I supposed to know she was only 12?! She said she was 18! Oh, you're not here about that? Uh, well then ... no comment."



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Weekend & Evening
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TICKED OFF BY TECHNOLOGY

Luddites establish student group

by Splat Rancidchuk

Beware! The Luddites are coming! Yes, they're back. Two centuries after the industrial revolution began, the group which tried to stop it all and failed has found a new home at this campus as a new student group.

"Now that we've got some decent axes and shovels, we can focus on our main goal, which is the removal of a lot of the crap at this University, like clocks, computers and doors."

—Luddite president Areyouwe Foreele

The Reformed Luddites Association (RLA) has no phone, no office and few members, but president Areyouwe Foreele is sure the group will catch on once students learn about their goals.

"We want to break down barriers between people, especially things like walls and doors. They are so useless!" Foreele exclaimed. This argument sounded good to the SU Student Groups board, which gave a start-up grant of several thousand to the fledgling group.

The club was able to acquire several axes, sledge hammers and shovels, proudly carved with the SU Bugspat into the handles as a condition of the grant. "Now that we've got some decent axes and shovels, we can focus on our main goal, which is the removal of a lot of the crap at this University, like clocks, computers and doors," said Foreele.

The Luddite "Pulling the Plug" campaign is set to coincide with Engineering Week. Plans include the removal of all clocks and doors, the confiscation of mechanical pencils and calculators and the disassembly of at least one computer lab on campus. "Everyone will think the Geers did it, and we'll be able to quietly use them as a scapegoat, but don't tell anyone, it's supposed to be a secret," whispered Foreele.

Under the Luddite Manifesto, anything more complicated than a rock and a stick should be done away with to allow man (and woman) to live simply. "We're wasting all of our time with technology when all we really need is a small hole in the ground and some roots to eat," said Foreele.

When asked about their future plans, Foreele suggested the club was going to pursue a dialogue with the Comp Sci's and Comp E's about their activities and the error of their ways.

"In our future plan for the U, we see it as a 'big smoking hole in the ground' surrounded by students and their professors taking courses in the open air and not bothered by anything technology related to complicate their lives."

As for student reaction to the proposed changes, the RLA seems unconcerned about the possibility of violence, especially the possibility of 3000 angry Geers beating the crap out of them if anything ever happened to their Autocad/Doom labs. An unrepentant Riley made clear that, "...no matter how stupid we are, we've got to be true to our goals in life, even if that means getting the shit kicked out of us."



G. Enid Chingmaster

The Campus Reformed Luddites make life hard for a hard drive.

Chipmunks get honorary music degree from U of A

by Shla So-there

Three wheezy-voiced platinum recording stars of the forest were awarded honorary university degrees during fall convocation.

"This is sooo unbelievable!!!" gushed Alvin Q. Chipmunk. "What an honour!"

Fellow band members Simon and Theodore were overwhelmed by the multiple standing ovations they received.

"We never knew we had this much of a following in the academic world," said Simon.

"We'll be talking to our manager first thing about exploring additional marketing promotions on-campus."

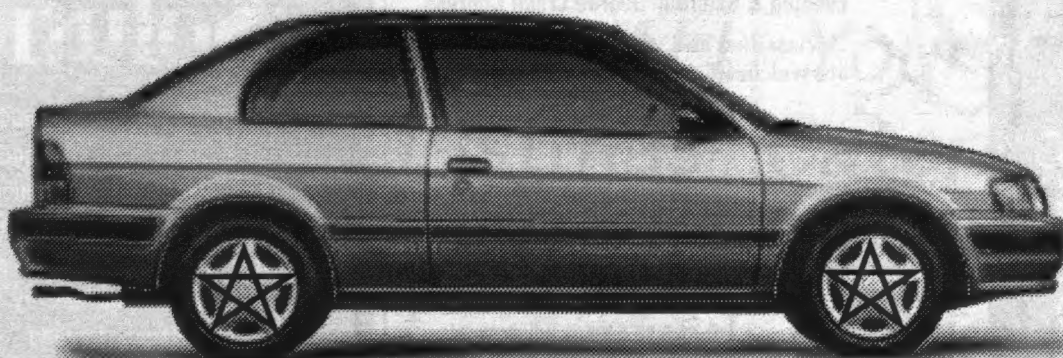
The Chipmunks' honorary degree is just the latest in several attempts by the University to recognize the achievements of great contributors to our society, such as recent attempts to give a degree to Premier Rawlfing Kling-on.

Not all members of the community were pleased, however; singer and song writer Donald Duck was infuriated.

"I quack quack quack can't quack quack fucking quack believe it!" said an enraged Mr. Duck. "My quack quack work is quacking more quacking appealing- just ask Daisy!!"

Less succesful Chipmunk hangers-on Chip and Dale also lobbied for an award, saying they worked extremely hard on their recent album while performing with the Wonderland erotic dance company that is their namesake. A world tour is currently being planned.

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Butterdome fucking melts

Actually, fucking melts Butterdome

by Surly Savant

Record high temperatures this past week have caused a famous University of Alberta landmark to melt. The Butterdome began slowly dripping on Tuesday afternoon, when temperatures reached 30 degrees Celsius.

By Wednesday, with temperatures hovering at around 40 degrees, the big yellow building completely disintegrated, causing a tidal wave of oil to spread across the greater campus area. The surrounding buildings now present a fire hazard. "The thick, oily slick coating the campus area can burst into flame at a moment's notice," said Bartholomew Walrustitty of Building Services.

For this reason, school administration has been forced to move the upcoming exams to Vegreville, so as to ensure that the exam documents have no chance of being destroyed in any potential atomic butter blast.

"The students are still absolutely expected to write their exams. Losing all your class notes or your prof in the butter mudslide will not be considered a reasonable excuse for a deferral of an exam," said U of A president, Rat Phaser.

Administration does not foresee any problems in getting the students to the new exam-writing location. "They can hitch-hike, or maybe ride their bicycles," suggests Phaser. "They can also walk," he later added after much thought.

U of A administration is pleased with the new location. "Vegrevillians are so friendly," enthused one high priest from the Ku Klux Klan.

"And, they have that big egg," said his close friend, Phaser.

Scientists are still trying to determine the cause of the record temperatures, a striking anomaly in Edmonton's normally chilling December weather. They are currently investigating several explanations, including the possibility of a temporal vortex field surrounding the Butterdome after an experiment in steroids at the Van Vliet centre went terribly, terribly wrong.

However, scientists have not eliminated the possibility that the high temperatures might have been caused by SU prez Grrrunt Photon fucking in his office. "This has never happened before," said an SU spokesperson.

"There was steam coming from under the door," said an eyewitness.

When asked for comment, Photon prostrated himself on the floor. "I'm sorry, but (gasp, pant) I saw Tammy's ad in the Telepersonals, and I just had to give her oral pleasures. She's getting a tattoo, you know..."

Immediately after the press meeting, Photon and Tammy escaped the country, and are currently residing in warm and balmy Mehico.

"This poses additional problems for us," commented Phaser. "Not only do we have to clean up toxic butter waste and build a new sports building, but we will also have to find a new SU prez. After two years in office, this will be difficult. We had all pretty much thought that he'd have this position for life."

Construction on a new, cheaper version of the Big Gym will commence in January. The new building will be christened, The Margarinadome.



Jar-o-swab Malanoskis

AAAHH! I'm melteeng! Damn you, Dorothy!

LIVING WITH LIVESTOCK

CLUBS BUSTED FOR 'ENHANCING' SOCIAL LIVES AT U OF A FARM

by Monkey Bastard

Guh ... members of three campus groups were arrested over the weekend after a dispute at the "Farm", the U of A's research farm.

"We was just doin' whut arr dads do," said Caw Boy, a 6th year agsci student, and a member of Lamda Cappa Schwa. "When those cops telled us that it was bad, we thought they meant drivin' our tractors over ther shrubbery. We weren't know that the whole 'sheep' thing was bad," said Boy.

"While we were aware that the act may have been considered vulgar in some circles, our eventual enlightenment to the actual asthetic and physical side of the activity was a definite upside to our reluctant showing at Bar-Some," said New Intellectual

Society Member Ian Equels McSquared. "The night only lost its lustre once the mental deficients began monopolizing the livestock. After that we were forced to stand our ground."

No members of the third group, which never showed, were not available for comment. "We weren't even there! Leave us out of your story! Don't quote me, fucker!" said Roberd Ildo, president of the Campus Ass Clubber's Club, or CACK. The group, suspected of various forms of animal abuse, was also charged with public indecency at last year's Bar-Some event.

"We WERE NOT!!! Would you QUIT DOING THAT!! Turn off that recorder!!" said Ildo.

Getaway production editor

Pristine Awesomefuck's phone-sex alter ego Tammy was present at the scene in a sheep's costume, trying to take advantage of some inebriated frat boys.

Admitting there is a secret conspiracy, Getaway editor-in-chirf Chist Jackass was quoted as saying, "god, I hate those damn frats."

FUN SHEEP FACTS

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-BAA means "yes"
-BAAA means "maybe"
-B-BA means "talk dirty to me"
-BAAAAAAA! means "I like the way you shake your pitchfork"
-Some translate BUH-BAA as "no" but don't believe it—sheep always want sex.

SUB

MAIN FLOOR

titles

CHEQUE PICKUP

Did you consign textbooks,
cassettes or CD's?
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starting December 16

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meal!

Broccoli? That shit
gives me gas!

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Only one place can provide the shittyness of a mock chicken meal. That's Kenny's. You'll love our dog-ass marinated mock chicken chunks, our creamy biodegradable potato mash, and monkey brains. Don't forget those son-of-a-bitchin, bio-freakin' degradable monkey brains. One out of two golden retrievers can hold this meal down!

Now, for a limited time we've got the Canadian RedCross on hand to administer stomach pumping, and general food poisoning avoidance technique. All for the low, low price of your soul. That's it. Kenny's. Good food, eternal damnation. After this meal, you may never be hungry again.

Sex! What did you think those two dogs were there for? Present coupon before purchase.

\$2.99

pinion

Managing Editor: SILLY VIXEN 492-5178

DUH-UMB

You know, people are dumb.

Yup, people sure are dumb. I was thinking about this the other day and I sure did realize just how dumb people are. Actually, I sure have been thinking about this for a long time now, but it sure did just occur to me that people sure are dumber than I thought. Now I *know*, beyond a shadow of a *doubt*, how dumb people *are*.

I was sitting in SUB thinking complex thoughts when I overheard two engineering students talking about their project for Geerfest. Why? To what end? Who cares? Engineering students sure are dumb. Here they've got less than a week before mid-term exams and they sure are planning their Geerfest project. But it didn't stop there. Another fine example came when they began discussing the nature of their project.

Apparently, these geers sure were trying to build a fully functional snowstorm machine. That's right, a *snowstorm* machine. A *snowstorm* machine. The problem with it, according to the geers, is that it keeps bursting into flames, right up at the top, where the snowstorm comes out. So what they've got is a snowstorm machine that sure does keep bursting into *flame*.

This sure is dumb on a number of levels. Firstly, it's dumb because the Geerfest is dumb to begin with, but rather than piss off an entire department of engineers, I'll amend by saying that's not quite as dumb as my other point. Does anybody *need* a snowstorm machine? Especially one that keeps bursting into *flame*? I sure don't. Maybe in warmer climates, where snowstorms are rarer. Another fine example would be movie sets, where they sure do need snowstorms occasionally, and maybe sometimes they even need one that bursts into flames. Who knows?

It makes me sad that the university sure is spending its budget on supporting projects like this one. I'm assuming they're doing it so that people will ask themselves, "Do I need a snowstorm machine? Should more snowstorm machines be flammable? Do I care?" But in the long run, it sure does merely go to show that people sure are dumb. And if people like engineers sure do spend their time slaving away, devoting countless hours of time and energy, and working gradually up to something that sure does amount to nothing more than a flurry with a singe on top...

Well, that's dumb too.

Piss Cackel, editor-in-sheath

I STICK A CIGAR TUBE UP ONE
Sailor's butt. Then I'll go on
A hunger strike.



letterslettersletterslettersletterslettersletterslettersletters

Outstandingly stupid guy

Damn you, Spade Woodchuck! Here's proof that Vegreville folk are wholesome non racist people!

Great Granny Weinstein, the widow of old man Flaherty, recently found herself in a most distressing situation. Exactly one year after old man Flaherty's fatal mishap during Didsbury's thirty-third annual ferret whacking festival, Great Granny Weinstein discovered her husband's winning lottery ticket concealed in Miss Bessa's prosthetic chin. Previously, there was an unfortunate skirmish between Granny and Bessa over who could lick the horsemeat pudding mix from the lawnmower blades. Miss Bessa was a rural priest at the

church of the Holy Sacred Neanderthal St. Peggy Sue when she first spotted Flaherty sucking the poison from his pet iguana Ferdinand. Their relationship soon progressed into a daily sunrise sodomy in the Neanderthal basement. Granny often suspected that Ms. Bessa was having an affair with her husband but later came to the conclusion that it was she who was having an affair with Curios Jorge, her taxidermist son's favourite Cuban monkey.

Ms. Bessa's crumpled, blood caked corpse was found underneath Flaherty's 1993 Lexus the afternoon after the great chin slugfest. Granny was taken into custody one hour later on a drunken misdemeanor charge.

Upon finding the bountiful chin, Granny and Jorge got their kicks at the

local Finnick Pickle and Jive nursing home. The punch was spiked with antifreeze, thus hell ensued. Before she could say, "Prends la fourchette dans ton derriere" Granny Francoise Weinstein was released then held for murder when the Vegreville police squad noticed that she was soaked in blood and l'air du temps. By sun down, the entire debacle had ended and Granny was re-released, thanks to Vegreville's Detective Doob. (Continued elsewhere)

Hey. Are you stupid? You figure out where the letters are. Christ. Do I have to spell it out for you? Fuk.

getaway

Punished Since November 21, 1910
Readership 30,000
Volume 86 Issue 24

Advertising 492-4241, Room 2900 SUB
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Swiller, Monkey Bastard, Splat Rancidchuk, JK
Shmee, Like Smitty, Like Swinters, Pee Norad,
San Ta Barbarea

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Sapinion

Granny profusely proclaimed her innocence by doing a seductive hoola dance atop a big Curried egg.

Based on a preliminary autopsy, Doob proved that Bessa's death was accidental. A polaroid photo discovered at the crime scene reveals a one of Herve Villechaise (Fantasy Island's Tatoo) posing as a Met Life Insurance salesman standing beside a dead Bessa. Neighbours witnessed Tatoo running around the Flaherty Farm shouting "Snoopy! Snoopy! Da Red Baron!" and riding recklessly around on a horsemeat drenched lawnmower. Bessa was there looking for her chin when the accident occurred.

This proves that we are racially tolerant!!

As Swipe
AgFor VIII

Angry inner child

I am constantly amazed at what passes for news at your "paper". I'd be interested to see what passes for feces. I belong to Krappa Phelgma Cumsilon and we are shafted all the time when it comes to news coverage.

When we say we have a photocop for one of our events that we conjure up for the sake of covering our asses when people ask what the fuck frats do besides dodge various legal charges, we expect to have a photographer show up. We pay our fees, we expect to have full coverage of our events, but keep your cameras away from our parties.

You suck. I don't understand why you report from a supposedly objective standpoint. Journalism is about selling your soul to the highest bidder. Learn to play by the rules.

Guy That hates you
Arts-I

Whiners suck

Students whining about students has got to be the most lamest thing going on 'round this bloody campus. Everybody's got to chip in their smartass two cent's worth. 'I think this', 'they should do that', 'fuck the other'! Well I think everybody is too freakin opinionated. These starch-assed hypocrites should take their opinions and shove 'em so high up, they sound like Preston Manning. Fuck it if they are shocked when they hear where to go.

Since it doesn't look like anybody will help me clean the verbal pollution up by shutting up, the only other way around the problem is to learn to tolerate it (Learn. Learrrrrrrrn - the act of gaining knowledge by cramming it through your thick skull). That way, these fuckin' moronic opinions would not spark more opinions, and eventually we wouldn't have any more of your crap to deal with! Anyone that is to incompetent to tolerate others should be force-fed horseshit, have their balls placed in a vice, and then be thrown off the High-Level Bridge.

So do everyone a favour the next time some jerk decides to tell

you what they think by telling them to choke on their own fetid breath. If they are going to harp on some moose getting it in the rear by a dog in hell in particular, pull their underwear over their head, spit in their face, and take out a kneecap, then proceed with the previously mentioned. That's what I think.

Diss Pisstou
Skool II

GOO

I was just reading the *Getaway* thing that you have in print and I was very astonished to be realizing how very very very good my appreciation of your newspaper was. I am constantly in delight to see what you have for print.

First of all, you print much news which is information I did not know. This is very very exciting to me. Then I notice that instead of news there are many opinions which are not news but somehow "news" to me because they are opinions which are not my own. Some of them are very very good and others of them are very very bad, and together they make good and bad opinions, which is I believe how opinions should be.

Let us not be forgetful of your entertaining section. I have always found your entertaining section to be most entertaining of all the sections which you have. I am glad to hear of these musical people because I have seen very few of them, as how I am most of the while confined to my home.

You also have pages of sporting events, but these are not of interest to me.

However, your comical section is very very good and I have often laughed aloud to see the very comical drawings of the many smart people you have at your *Getaway* place. You at final have a section which you call "Three Lines Free" and I cannot always translate these words but there are many things which make me roll my eyes in happiness.

So I must conclude by telling that the *Getaway* makes me as joyful as one who has much in his pockets and shoes. I have tried to spread the word of your great newspaper, but unfortunately I have not been meeting with successfullness, because everyone I speak to tells me that the *Getaway* is really a heap of horseshit. In my heart of hearts I know this is untrue.

Ap Erson
Erats III

This would
be a staff
ad if we
had anything
significant
to say. We
don't.
Surprised?

Flukey Crabs



PROSTITUTION IS A-O-KAY

Prostitution. Some may think it an evil word, but it's really one of my favorites. You see, I am a full-fledged prostitution supporter. I think everyone should be a prostitute. Then I'd have something to talk about every week and then lots of people would read my pointless drabble and write mean letters and threaten my life. Oh, wait, that already happens. Well, I'd be even bigger, big enough for the *Alberta Retort*. That is my dream. Sigh!

Back to prostitution. What could be more real than "Pretty Women"? I mean, that movie was so real and I felt like it accurately portrayed my life. I'm like Richard Gere and all my girls are like Julia Roberts. Well, most of them are like her, there are a few that are more like Elizabeth Shue in "Leaving Las Vegas". That movie really didn't show the real, more fun side of prostitution. It gave prostitution a bad name. In reality prostitutes will do anything, including backdoor visits. That's why prostitution is so good.

When women walk the streets, they work hard. More men should take my lead and take advantage....er...support these working girls. Have you

ever tried to get laid at a bar? How safe is that? All the girls who pick up guys like me at bars wear too much makeup and when you get them home they pass out or brush their hair or something freaky like that. With a prostitute you know it's going to be good, and what you see is what you get.

It's like supply and demand: you demand sex, prostitutes supply a hot bod to fuck; prostitutes demand large amounts of money, you try to get away and end up getting the shit beat out of you by some cracked-up pimp who's looking out for his 'ho' and learn the lesson to supply the money. And let's face it, you always get what you pay for in the end.

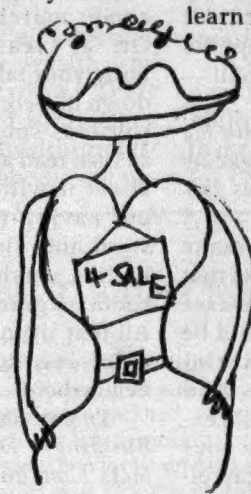
Prostitutes are the safest girls around. They never have diseases because they always use condoms except with me because I just don't like the way they feel. All other guys have to wear them and don't mind either, because they don't have sex as often as me. Sure it's a costly lifestyle, but

at least I know I can save my health care money for when I get really old since I'll never get diseases. Sure.

Child prostitution is by far the ideal form of prostitution. After all, you learn better when you're young, and we need to take advantage of this affinity to learn new skills. After the age of eight children know precisely what they are doing. Children need to learn to take responsibility for their actions just as much as adults. The sex trade in Thailand should be a lesson to us all.

For once in my life I've found something, besides writing whiny articles, that I'm good at. All my girls tell me I'm so good and of course I should believe them because, like my

phone sex girls, everything a prostitute says is true. Regular girls just try to trap you into a "commitment" and want "a relationship" when all they really need is to have sex more often. That's why I'm so intelligent and well-spoken, and you should believe everything I say because I am always right. Always. My opinion is the only one. Listen to me now.



Got plans tonight?

IF your plans include drinking... **THINK** before you go any further...

PICK A DESIGNATED DRIVER!

It could even be you! whatever you do... PLEASE DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE!

Think & Drive

SAFETY STARTS WITH YOU!

Advice on crap

I.P. Freely



WE DIDN'T HAVE AN ADVICE COLUMN BEFORE, BUT I GUESS WE DO NOW.

Once again our intrepid advice columnist I. P. Freely has been out and about gathering your questions both deep and shallow, ready to offer advice to those in need. Remember, if you need his help, just write it on your local stall wall; he'll find it eventually. Like Encyclopedia Brown, no question too small.

From Rutherford South Bathroom: Last time I had sex with my girlfriend, she stuck her tongue up my ass, and I loved it! Does this make me a fag?

Answer: No. It does make you **DIRTY** though. The fact that you were having intercourse with a girl at the time would be a good indicator that you are indeed a heterosexual male. And just because you had a sexual experience having to do with your butt does not make you gay either. The anus, for both men and women, is a very erogenous zone, ask any Greek. So do not feel bad about your robarbsian adventure, it does not mark you as any type of deviant, I mean it is not like you filled your crack with peanut butter and had your dog lick it out! Not that that is so bad either... Get over your fear and congratulate yourself on your sense of adventure, I would just make sure your girlfriend gargles before you get back into French kissing.

SUB Building Women's Washroom: I want to make love to a woman, where do lesbians hang out?

Wow, a lot of homosexual queries this week! Well, one good place to start would be The Roost nightclub, or perhaps even

Orlando Books on Whyte Avenue. Both places have a strong gay clientele, and you should have a good chance of meeting a possible partner there. If you do, please phone me and I'll come watch. Or at least write your tale down in a conspicuous spot, so I can read all about it without having to sneak into the Ladies washroom again. All that sitting is giving me hemorrhoids.

Engineering Building: Do facts have any place in organized religion?

No. Major religious texts, such as the Bible are not meant to be true historical documents. They are stories which are meant to teach and inspire; you are not to believe everything as truth. That is why religious followers need faith. The hard part is believing what cannot be proven by facts, that is why believing is so damn hard, and such an amazing feat. Of course this same act of blind faith in the face of all good rea-

son which should be admired in religious folk should be scorned and ridiculed in anyone who follows the same path to believing in the existence of aliens, a

HUB Mall: Does this look infected to you?

Not having seen anything first hand, I have to say I don't know. However, if the amount of pus you left behind on the seat and floor is any indication, then I would have to say a trip to the doctor would be advisable.

Education Building: Why do the janitors only erase half of the graffiti? It makes it so hard to read.

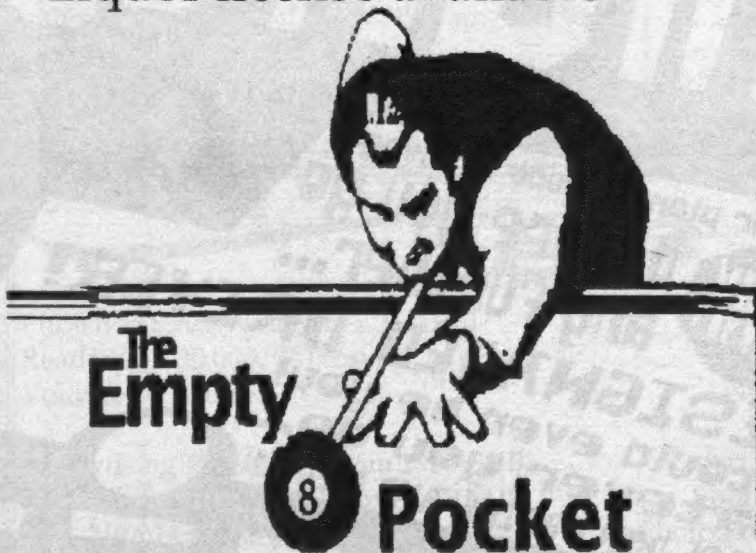
Well, I spoke to M. alp Th w r at jan ori l services, and the reason was so that d psh t fo ls like you with the IQ of Gar Po to , then yo can and it saves you the trouble of finding an old ratty copy of the newspaper and filling in the crossword with your sh cov red fi ger, any number of seases. so really they are looking health welfare.

That is all for now, keep up your queries, I. P. Freely will be flowing your way again soon. So next time his head comes peering over the stall door, don't get mad, he is only trying to help. And remember, when you write while squatting, hate material is no fun to read.

Stuff that's so damn funny that I could choke on my beer. No lyin'.

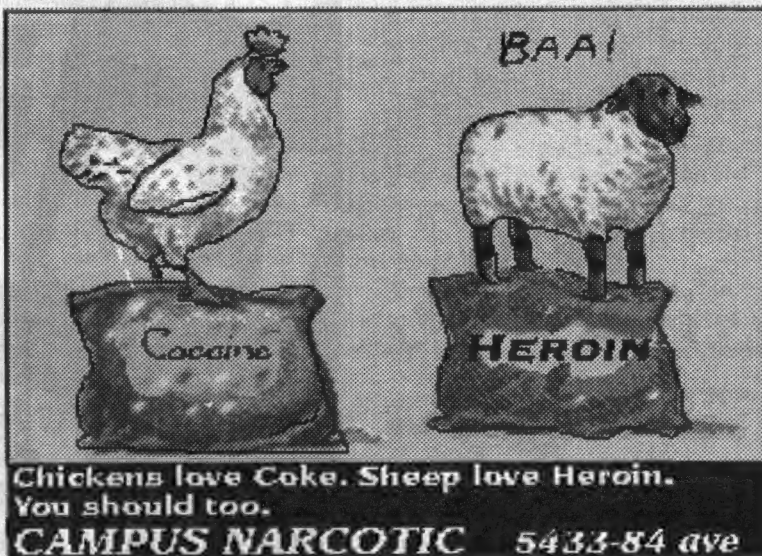
Kennedy coverup, the idea that Pissed-on is doing a smart thing running in the upcoming election, and O.J.'s innocence. Any dumbass who believes that should be tied to a post, dressed in lingerie, and have leeches hurled at them.

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Think you're better than everyone else? Write for the Getaway.

Ree Cretefood



HEMP IS ROPE

Clay Pot, owner of various marijuana plantations throughout the galaxy that distribute to planets like Mars and Venus, is running for the president of the United Federation of Planets. Boy, he sure does have a lot of sneaky things up his pant leg. However, I just don't think majority of the aliens in the universe are ready for those things to pop out at them. His platform includes reducing the transmission of interstellar Geranium measles, as well as cutting the Federation's illicit slave trade in half. He also guarantees that if elected he will reduce the jelly rolls and increase the stealth of weird citizens. Pot is also calling for an increase in taxation and a reduction of the beauty myth.

All of this will be possible because of the new government-regulated distribution of wacky weed. The revenues from the new ganja-mangia machines will totally revitalize the galactic economy, allowing for a wonderful happy new cosmos. Pot envisions imprisoned parakeets jumping out of boiling pots of water into Cool Whip.

There are those who say that Pot is simply interested in pro-

moting the use of grass for the betterment of his own financial interests. How that could be said about a man who donates large bundles of hemp to orphanages so the parentless can weave their own clothes? About a man who

The bad about thing about rats is they don't smoke enough ganja. Rats would be that much cooler if they got high.

gave a man screaming in pain from migraine headaches some of his own personal stash when he found out he could not afford his own joints? Pot is not motivated by his own selfish desires, but out of a genuine need to see the universe become a hipper place.

The entire universe will be a

better place when Pot is elected. We will all be free to discriminate against rodents. The bad about thing about rats is they don't smoke enough ganja. Rats would be that much cooler if they got high. All the planets, and many of the stars, will turn much better once Pot is elected and all the rats are properly dealt with.

Many social problems will be alleviated when the Pot cartel takes over our regime. First of all, everybody will be as happy as me all the time. Secondly, money will be poured into the war against prohibition. Absolute freedom will reign. Thirdly, there will be treaties between the solar systems that supply marijuana and those that demand it. Everybody will be happy and stoned and signing things like crazy, man.

Bill 90210, which would allow grass to be ground up and consumed by pregnant and nursing women, is not going anywhere. It was proposed by Pot about 20 years ago, when he was an Illegal Alien. The bill would allow those women to enjoy the benefits of grass while saving the lungs of babes in arms. It has been through umpteen readings in the Federation's House of the Planets and Congress of the Mutants, and is no closer to being passed than the day it first entered the

Parliamentary Aspect. Admittedly, ground hemp is nowhere near as powerful as the inhaled stuff, but it prevent the women from going through the nasty psychological trauma that comes from weed withdrawal. It's obvious that these travestors of justice have never sacrificed their own happiness for the increased quality of life of young carbon-based life forms.

Once elected, Pot is going to eliminate poverty, wealth, and everything in between. There will not be a need for doctors, nurses, or other health professionals because nobody will no-

tice they are sick. If they should begin to feel ill, they'll just have to take three tokes instead of two.

At the very least, Pot will generate media attention towards the issue wacky weed. Because nobody is paying attention to me. And no matter how happy and free my sweet little joints make me, I still want to cry.

Pot as president sure will take the galaxy to new heights.

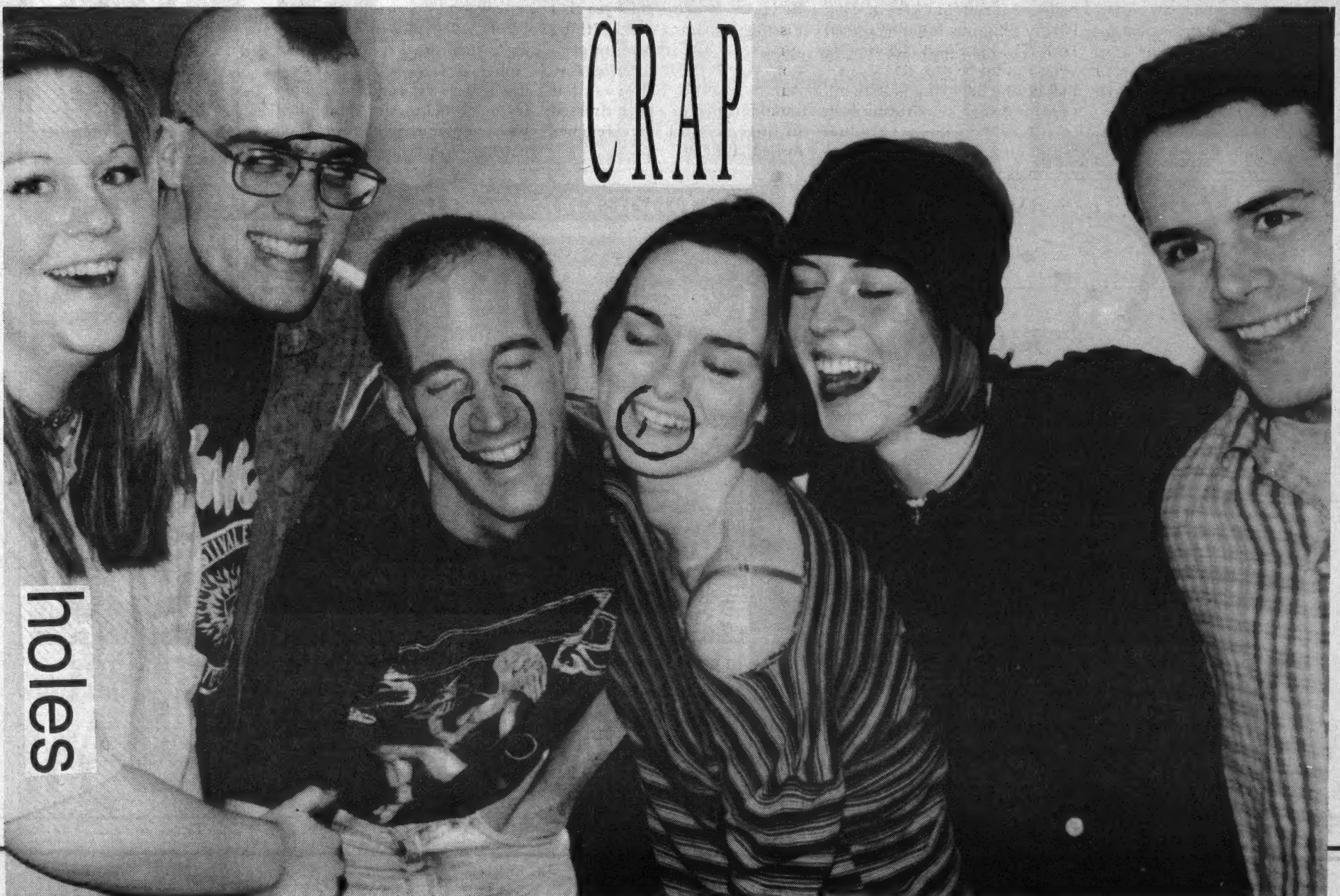
On Groundhog day, I went to a rally where Pot spoke and I got higher than a kite. Mmm, dope makes me happy. I like Pot. Vote for Pot.

Oleg's Top Ten Best Pick Up Lines.

(Read from the bottom and up)

1. "You don't sweat much for a fat chick!"
2. "Did anyone ever tell you that your legs are beautiful, they remind me of peanut butter." ...How's that? ... They are smooth and easy to spread."
3. "I've got the F the C and the K now all I need is U."
4. "Let's play Pearl Harbor. I'll lay down and you blow the hell out of me."
5. "Before I go any further are you on the pill or am I wasting my time?"
6. "Do you have a mirror in your pocket? ...Why?... Because I can see myself in your pants!"
7. Guy: Do you know anything about real estate?
Girl: Well, I'm not sure...
Guy: (grabs his crotch) Surely you can tell me if this is a lot?
8. "Do you want to play carnivals?" ...How?...
"Well, you sit on my face and I will guess your weight."
9. "Hey what are you doing tonite?... Well get a bath, you stink!"
10. "There's a problem with the alphabet. U and I should be together."

*Disclaimer: not responsible for any personal/property damage resulted from use of the above material.



**Trading
Cards of
all your
favorite
editors.
Exchange
them with
your
friends!**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



PISS CACKLE
Pages Proofed ... 10236
Pages Read ... 0
Editors Scolded ... 1
Career Highlights: scolded
Spade Woodchuk in lone
scolding ... never attended
a meeting with SU

MANAGING



SILLY VIXEN
Regular Writers ... 1
Psychos Dealt With ... 1001
Cartoons MIA ... too many
Career Highlights:
'managed' to alienate
everyone ... printed
regular writer at gun point

EDITOR

NEWS



HOSE UPCHUK
Radio Shows ... 1
Stories Written ... 0
Bad Trips ... 6
Career Highlights: Never,
ever, ever written anything
to do with news ...
interviewed some people

EDITOR

NEWS



GRIM BOLTS
Radio Shows ... 1
Stories Written ... -12
Bad Trips ... one big one
Career Highlights: Mixed
codeine and alcohol last
night ... had many stories
written, but not run by
Hose Upchuk

EDITOR

ENTERTAINMENT



SNOTT SKANKLIN
Opinion Articles ... 24
Ent. Articles ... 3
Head Hairs ... 0
Career Highlights:
'seemingly' wrote entire
ent. section for today ...
had so many volunteers he
should have shared

EDITOR

SPORTS



Volunteers ... 4
Sports Seen ... 6 million
Press Passes ... 3
Career Highlights:
annoyed everyone at
Getaway ... lost office

EDITOR

PHOTO



COLESLAW MILKAKOWSKI
Dollars Spent ... all of them
Fake Press Passes ... lots
Cameras ... 2
Career Highlights: spent
photo budget quicker than
any previous photo editor
... gained office space

EDITOR

PRODUCTION



PRISTINE AWESOMEFUCK
Ads Laid Down ... a couple
Pages Checked ... 2
Volunteers ... 0
Career Highlights: only has
to work on press nights ...
gained office space ...
occasionally lays down an
ad with correct spelling

EDITOR

CIRCULATION



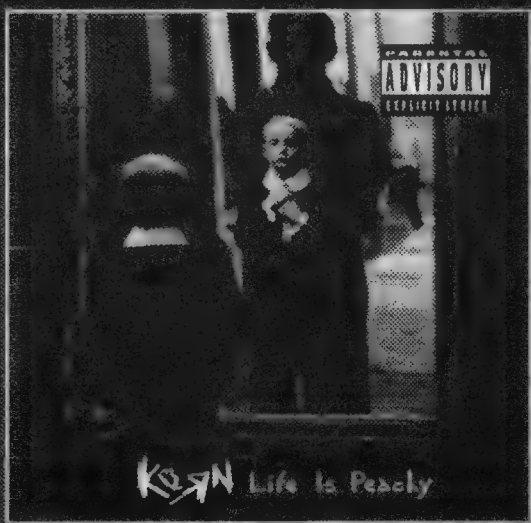
OOZIN' LAVA
Papers Delivered ... billions
Accidents ... 1
Times @ Fac ... 23
Career Highlights: SU
doesn't trust her ... has
wheels ... has more
volunteers than sports

EDITOR

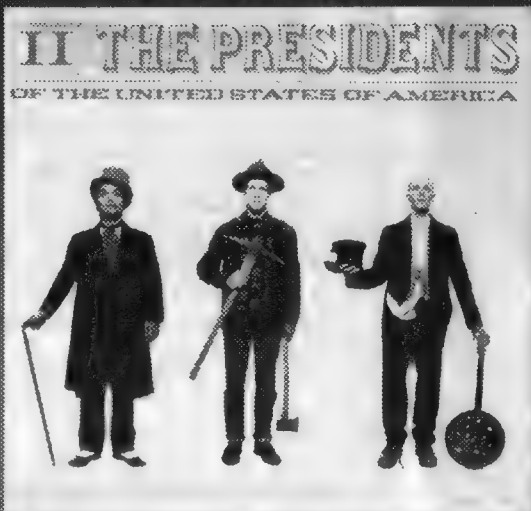
HEY...
Gateway
volunteers:
RATT. 9 pm.
Saturday.
Be there.

- THIS IS NOT A JOKE. HONEST.

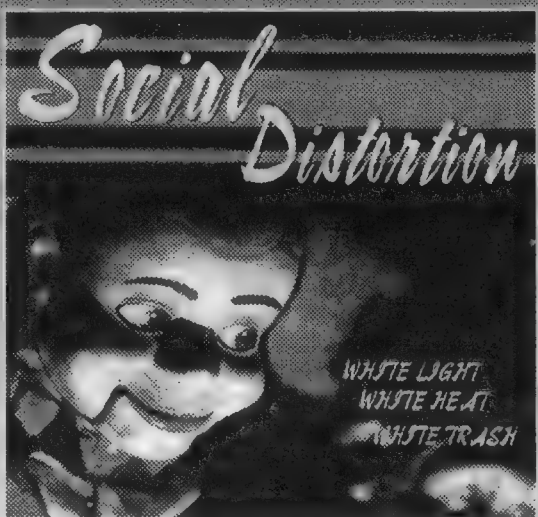
GOLLY GEE, ISN'T CHRISTMAS F**KING WONDERFUL?!



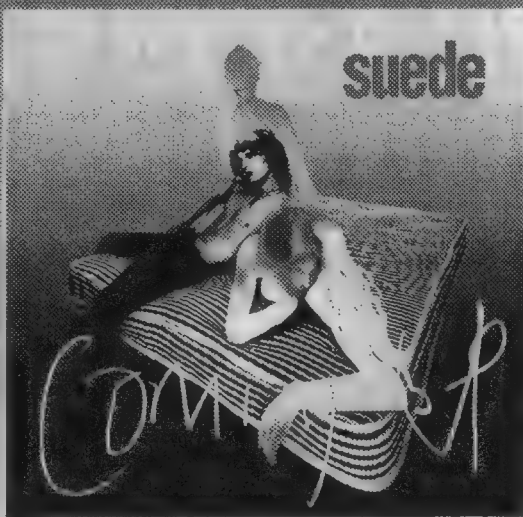
KORN
LIFE IS PEACHY



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Entertainmud Editor: Scott Sharplin 492-7052

WHIPPED YUCKINESS

FETISH FRENZY

First Annual Whipped Cream and Lubricants Fashion Show at Pubic Domain December 4, 1996

Ohmigod...I went to Pubic Domain just like I was supposed to.

I was even on time!

I was just following instructions!!

But it was like, so totally gross! There were all these, like, way gross chicks, totally covered in all kinds of icky, massively sick crud, and some of them had their, like, nipples actually showing. Eeuuwww!

Okay, so I got totally ready, just in case I saw a way cute guy, and guess what? I got there, and it was like, so totally packed that my like, make-up was all melting off my face. And, okay, don't even get me started on my hair... it looked so good, but all my hairspray and mousse, like, evaporated!

Okay, so I was like, watching this fashion show, that was supposed to be all about leather. Ha! Thanks for coming out..it was nothing like that. There were these chicks that had, like, motor oil, and whipped cream, and even this way gross shit that looked an awful lot like phlegm, like, on their girl stuff! All I can say is GREEN!! Eeuuww!

Kay, so, I watched these bitches come out on the catwalk, and like, strut around, and act like all that!

I was all, 'whatthefuck?' And the whole thing just went downhill from there!

The next act had girls absolutely smothered in some creamy stuff(I don't even want to comment on what it might have been!) And then they started to lose all control, and like, throw themselves at the audience! Yuk!

It was right about then that I started to puke all over the ground, but a way hot guy from my Basketweaving 123 class came over, and we started talking. Anyway, I wound up leaving early, and going to his place. I think he gave me some funky-ass drink, I think it was called a Purple Haze, 'cause all I remember is waking up, and picking up my shit, and going home. No more Purple Hazes for me! I've had enough.

Lunar Puddlebunny



Warosnoth Garglnowski

Don't judge a book by its cover, young fetish fanatics. This young woman may look like she's a washed-out, good-for-nothing, boozing, partying, and puking lowlife. But it's all part of the act. Fetishists go to great lengths to recreate the low-life look. In reality, this model owns three cars and will soon be eligible for tenure!

GROSS

Same God Damn Stuff as Over There We Sent Two People So What? at Pubic Domain December 4, 1996

Awwright, there's nothing like a whole evening of watching women covered with goo walking back and forth in a really hot smoky nightclub.

This whipped cream and lubricant (or WCL as fetishists prefer to call it) extravaganza was the brain-crack-baby of local fetishmeister Whipzen Chainz. Prior to this, Chainz has organized the First Annual Power Tool Weld-Off, the First Annual Peeing in the Hot Tub Soak-a-Thon, and the outrageously popular First Annual Frotteurism Fetish Fun Night, which had enthusiasts rubbing their hands (and other things!) with glee weeks in advance. Now, hey, it's whipped cream, which is certainly a better choice than Chainz' original plan for a Mr. Yuk's Tasting Party.

So, anyway, Chainz had his whole battalion out, good and lathered up. Unfortunately, it's tough to stay on the catwalk when your feet are covered with K-Y jelly, so quite a few models found themselves taking a dive or two early in the evening. There were displays of whipped cream, sour cream, cottage cheese, power steering fluid, astro-glide, Gorilla Snot (real and not-so-real), Aunt Jemima's maple syrup and something dark green and gooey that smelled a bit like my socks. Wow!

There were some guys there, too, slathered up with margarine, but nobody seemed interested in them for some reason. What made the evening come together, so to speak, was the climax of the show, when Chainze released a metric tonne of custard from the roof of Pubic Domain, covering the entire audience in warm, viscous off-white fluid. Orgasms hung palpably in the air. For a brief moment, there was no malice or ignorance on earth. All humanity was unified in a single, perfect brotherhood of love.

And you missed it, motherfucker. Ram your head into a beer bottle-encrusted stucco wall, yank out all your pubic hair with tweezers, and shoot yourself in the toe. Fuckers.

Chitti-Chitti Tsang-Bang

I can't believe it's not even remotely entertaining

MIMES THAT TALK

Sparrow by Quentin Tarantino the Jubilee Vomitorium until April

She was first discovered by the old three eyes crooner (Sammy Davis Jr. inadvertently snatched one during an all night drunken poker binge), Frank "I still got mob ties, ya putz" Sinatra. Tragically their marriage dissolved when career demands led her astray and into the arms of the most unlikely of men. He was filming his first action parody, "The Taming of the Sloth" when he spotted her. Her name was Mia Sparrow. His was Woody "I can't believe I have a bigger sex drive than Michael Jackson" Valium.

Sparrow, brilliantly portrayed by Leslie "I can't believe Woody Valium has a bigger

sex drive than Michael Jackson" Nielsen, runs the gamete of emotions as she relives the devastating loss of her virginity to Michael "I can't believe I have sex" Jackson, her sordidly poignant Lebanese affair with Ellen Dee Generous (played by a slightly anorexic Harvey "I can't believe I bared my fat ass in "The Piano" Keitel), and her co-habitation with the man of her delusions, Woody Valium (played by newcomer Tiffany-Amber "I can't believe it's not butter" Thespian).

Making a cameo appearance is Tori "I can't believe my nose is so freakin weird" Misspelling as Soon Ye Depravin, Mia's adopted Vietnamese daughter. Tori, a member of the Actors' Inequity Union of Vegreville, is temporarily filling in for Demi "I can't believe that you dorks think these kahunas are real and that I can act" Whore.

The thrilling climax in Sparrow occurs

when Sparrow accidentally laminates a whoopee cushion to Michael's pet boa constrictor, Hooters. In a freak accident, Ellen Dee Generous sits on Hooters and massively traumatizes him. A devastated Michael orders Sparrow and Dee Generous to leave his passion pit at the Neverlaid ranch, then tries to woo Hooters back to bed with him, but to no avail.

Unfortunately, the audience spots a contrived plot. Out of nowhere Valium presents himself as *deux ex swish swish machina* (God in a washing machine). Valium relays an incredibly unbelievable story about how John Travolta (Hugh Grant) and Samuel Jackson (Jesse Helms, a politician turned actors' inequity member) interrupted his circumcision and went medieval on the rabbi's yamacle. Sparrow takes pity and falls for the deceit. She dumps Dee Generous, and moves in with

Valium and three quarters of the cast of Miss Saigon.

The ending is quite predictable. After years of asexual malfeasance, a randy Woody attempts an awkward seduction of his step-daughter Soon Ye:

"Ya know, there's an oreo cookie. Two lovely brown pieces on the outside, then a creamy white filling. Well Soon Ye, I like to spread apart the cookie and lick the creamy white filling. *Tu comprends?*"

"No, Woody."

"Take off your clothes and show Papa Woody your knobs."

"O.K."

Mark Snorton from the Edmonton Urial gave Sparrow five stars. So go see it ya putz.

Stu Pididiot

GULLIBLE WEB SITE OF THE DAY: <http://www.madeyoulook.com>
No, really! It exists! Check it out!

BOTH HANDS IN HER POCKETS

She's like rain on your wedding day...and so on

ISN'T IT IRONIC?

Alanass Moreizette
on Every Radio in the Western World
Every Fucking Day of the Week

You oughta know that Alanass Moreizette has a brand ass-spanking new album coming out in the next month. The queen of fad-rock spoke to this *Getaway* writer just last week about her glorious career and her money-grubbing plans for the future.

"I am so in tune with the spiritual needs of the gen-X set," said the twenty-something

extended far beyond Canada, and commented on her success compared to other Canadian teen stars: "Lisa Blowheed just didn't know how to market herself. Singing the theme for 'The Raccoons' was a decent start, but you have to make the leap from cute little songs to videos that feature you with no pants if you want to stand the test of time in the music industry."

Her new album is entitled *How Great I Art*. "It's a different sort of sound for me," said Moreizette. "I tried to record each track on a day that I was severe PMS. That way, I could

Singing the theme for 'The Raccoons' was a decent start, but you have to make the leap from cute little songs to videos that feature you with no pants if you want to stand the test of time in the music industry.

songstress. "I think songs like 'Ironie' and 'I Signed With Madonna's Silly Label' are telling the story that so many of us have lived or wish we lived."

Moreizettes career has spanned many years, starting with an album in her teens (an album that cannot be mentioned here because the rights to the lyrics, videos and titles have been bought up by her new record company in an attempt to erase her previous career because her embarrassingly juvenile lyrics would severely undermine her new bitchy, theatre-fellatio-performing persona). Always too hot, she has been fortunate that her appeal has

be sure that the emotional pitch of each song was truly genuine."

Having listened to the new album in advance, I'm placing my bets on the track "Hey, Shithead!" as her next mega, mondo, superhit. If this song reaches the same sort of popularity that "Ironie" has, perhaps we'll be finishing one another's sentence with 'hey...shithead!' instead of 'isn't it ironic...don't you think?' This will be conclusive evidence that Ms. Moreizette has arrived. She's a star, and she won't let us forget it.

Pune E. Mayle

A L L B U M S

Vermen
Pee On Me
Colonic Adventure Records

There are several ways that you can waste money. Waxing your legs, getting temporary permanent waves, buying insurance. *Pee on Me*, however, is possibly the biggest, most shameful waste of any currency you could come across. The producers should be ashamed. The sound engineers should be ashamed. Most of all, Jimmy Asslick and his Vermen should be ashamed and humiliated.

I could make better music pushing baby

The Rolling Smurfs
Exile in Smurf Village
Smurf Records

Well, what can I smurf. This disc smurfed. I've seen stuff smurf and I've seen stuff smurf, but this was the smurfiest bunch of smurfs I've ever seen smurf. With songs like "I Want You to Smurf Me" and "Smurf Me Like a Smurficane," I could almost smurf this album to *The Smurfberry Tree* by smurf2, but that would smurfuptous. So smurf that. Anyway, the songs "Papa Don't Smurf Me Please" and "Fuck my Smurfing Tits," really made me want to smurf myself up the smurf while I was smurfing. I don't really want to get smurfy or anything like that so I'll smurf that. This smurfy album then smurfed off with some really smurfy tunes like "Where the Smurfs have no Smurf," and "Born to Smurf." It smurfed me a lot of *Smurfancholy* and the *Infinite Smurfiness* by the Smurfing Pumpkins as well as the smurfic album *And Smurfs for All* by Smurfallica, as well as a few references to New World Smurf, by that smurfy band Smurf. In smurfclusion, this album was as smurfy as smurfing Smurfette covered in smurfberry juice and if you don't like it go smurf yourself up the smurf.

Gargamel

rabbits through a wood-chipper feet first. Dear lord, while a positive musical experience can be like a religious experience, this album is like an extended vacation in Hell with a pole for a seat and turkey skewers through your eyelids. I'll be waking up screaming for months. Their experimentation with techno-Celtic-funk is such a miserable failure. I kept checking my ears for blood.

I hated this CD with such a passion that I doused it with lighter fluid and tried to wipe it from the face of the Earth. It melted a little around the edges, but that was not enough. I ground it up and fed it to the dolphins at Crest Deadmorton Maul. I was satisfied.

Silly Vixen



Enid Lareg

Alanass can do anything you can do, weakling. If you defy her, she'll write a song about you and then...nothing can save you. Quake in fear.

ISN'T IT IRONIC



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A BIT O' BALLSY ART

GOOD, WHOLESOME BOOKS

The Gonad Wasteland
by Esmerelda Tripodopolous
Vintage Press
\$84.95

It's not that Esmerelda Tripodopolous is unnaturally attracted to testicles. On the contrary. It's political.

When Tripodopolous emerged from the southern yak country of Estonia as her nation's most esteemed forensic photojournalist, she made a remarkable discovery in the sociocultural landscape of the way the human body writes itself through photographic imagery. It was this discovery that, forty-seven years later, would engender her masterpiece—a stunning book of testicular photography entitled *The Gonad Wasteland*.

Her discovery? In her own words: "There's just a whole darn lotta pics of boobs out there."

Tripodopolous isn't just making melons out of molehills, either. The seventy-one-year-old photographer/poet/lion tamer/adhesive tape tester explains how she came to her incredible revelation. "I started to take a look-see at some of the photographic artwork that was, you know, out there," she says, taking a sharp hit of old-fashioned yak moonshine, "and I noticed there sure wasn't no absence of gabonzers."

The visionary artist observed mammary activity all over the place: "On billboards, in

tensive research on her subject before beginning. "But they do got two of something, and those somethings are a little bit naughty—just like the boobs!" Once this initial connection was made, the parallels became more powerful. "You'll also notice that they're round and kinda squishy, which is also quite a bit like knockers are. And it hurts when you punch 'em."

Assured in her belief that the twin male reproductive centres were culturally, physically and geometrically equivalent to breasts, Tripodopolous began seeking out and photographing testicles in a crusade to level the playing field between the genders. However, she does not believe her work to be pornographic in the slightest. "Oh, pornography, sure, I don't mind all of that neither, you know, but what I really want to do is make art. Ball art. Big ball art." Hence, all the photos are dramatic, striking in their bare contrasts, and awe-inspiring in their brassy, ballsy brilliance.

Along with each photograph, Tripodopolous has written a brief commentary describing what she believes to encapsulate the essence of the piece. Many of these commentaries are poems; some appear to be copied from laundry lists or the ingredients off cereal boxes. The most powerful, however, are the free association passages wherein Tripodopolous allows her mind, led by her balls, to wander.

An example (see accompanying photo, above): "Balls...balls...mighty, mighty balls, turning, rolling, bouncing, dribbling, dangling, hanging in the still cool air suspended by an invisible mist of desire...no hand can touch, no hand can squeeze or shake or yank or twist the golden seeds from their containment...all is still...all is well...all is ball."

Beneath another photo, Tripodopolous has inscribed this simple, elegant haiku:

"Little balls in bag
You will never be lonely
There are always two."

Why title her collection *The Gonad Wasteland*? Tripodopolous' response is enigmatic yet revealing. "Ooh, I dunno. I guess I always sort of liked T.S. Eliot. And



Ball is All.

Esmerelda Tripodopolous

balls, of course."

After the release of *The Gonad Wasteland*, Tripodopolous hopes to engage on a quest for photographs of navel lint. "A sequel is surely in order," she says wisely, "after all, everything comes in twos, you know."

Snott Skanklin

**FANTASTICALLY
IMPORTANT
INFORMATION
INCLUDED IN
THIS ARTICLE
(ALONG
WITH JOKES
IN REALLY
POOR TASTE)**

Canadian fiddler Ashley MacIsaac will be performing in Edmonton next month as part of his cross-country tour of boys' washrooms and locker rooms.

MacIsaac is touring in support of his new album, *Rocket to Uranus*, featuring the hit song "Urnine for You."

"I'm really looking forward to playing in Edmonton," he said when contacted by the *Getaway*. "By the way, how old are you? Oh, 25. Well, do you have a younger brother?"

In addition to fiddle playing, MacIsaac will be playing a flute solo. Watch for him wetting his whistle soon at a venue near you.



Photographer Tripodopolous:
"Everything comes in twos, you know."

television advert placements, even in all my Hustler magazines." Her conclusion about the phenomenon was truly unique. "I didn't mind the whole beeswax too much, mind you, because hooters are pretty neat to look at. But I just wondered why guys never quite got, you know, equal time."

Thus began Tripodopolous' lifelong quest to capture the male gonads on film within an artistic context. "See, guys don't have boobies," explained Tripodopolous, who did ex-

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Larger Than Life (G) Sat/Sun 11:40; Daily 2:20, 5:00, 7:10, 9:25 Midnight (Saturdays ONLY) 11:40	Independence Day (ID4) (PG) Daily 1:10, 3:55, 6:40, 9:35 Midnight (Saturdays ONLY) 12:15
2 Days in The Valley (R) Sat/Sun 11:50; Daily 2:05, 4:35, 7:20, 9:50 Midnight (Saturdays ONLY) 12:00	The Rock (M) Violent Scenes and Coarse Language Daily 6:50, 9:45 Midnight (Saturdays ONLY) 12:20
Phenomenon (PG) Sat/Sun 11:15; Daily 1:40, 4:15, 6:55, 9:40 Midnight (Saturdays ONLY) 12:05	Extreme Measures (M) Daily 7:15, 10:00 Midnight (Saturdays ONLY) 12:30
The Glimmer Man (M) Brutal Violence Throughout Sat/Sun 12:05; Daily 2:35, 4:40, 7:30, 9:55 Midnight (Saturdays ONLY) 11:50	The Hunchback of Notre Dame (PG) Sat/Sun 11:35; Daily 2:00, 4:25
Jack (PG) Sat/Sun 11:20; Daily 1:50, 4:10, 7:00, 9:30 Midnight (Saturdays ONLY) 11:45	The Chamber (M) Violent Scenes Sat/Sun 11:25; Daily 1:55, 4:20, 7:10, 9:35 Midnight (Saturdays ONLY) 11:55
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THE IMMACULATE CORRECTION

I am writing to the newspaper so that I can tell all the people who read it all about this book which I like. The book is called the Bible and it is very very very good. This book is the best book that I have ever read and also better than any I have not read. There are many very special things about the Bible and many people agree with me which means I am probably even more right about how good it is. My parents and teachers and my holy father all agree with me, to name a few.

The first thing in the Bible is the story of how God made the world. Many people do not agree with this part and so that makes it controversial, I guess, which could be good but doesn't really matter because it's really right. Soon people eat apples and there are plagues and stuff. It's great. Then it gets a little bit boring for a while until Jesus comes and that's exciting and neat and fun. Then he goes away and it gets a little bit boring again for a while until the end when it gets very strange and scary. And then there's a place to put in your name and birthday and stuff. It's great.

Part of the problem with the Bible is that not enough people read it. I know some people who have never read it ever and I don't know what they're thinking because not only is it a neat fun read but it also keeps you out of Hell. If I could join the devils and demons tormenting these people with barbs and pitch-

forks I probably would, because it would feel good to show them a thing or two about their arrogant, self-righteous reading preferences. Who do you heathens think you are, anyway?

You should read the Bible every single day. You should forego school, work, your social life, your family, and your health so that

you can read the Bible instead. I do. I read it all the way through—even the boring bits—

except for the Song of Songs, which I can't read in my book anymore because the pages all stick together for some reason. Also I don't like to read the end part because it's scary and doesn't make much sense anyway. In fact, most of the time I just like to read John 3:16 over and over and over again. And also the parts about sinners suffering in torment. That's great.

This book is the best and if you choose not to read it then somebody should force you to.

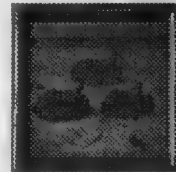
The Immaculate Correxction is for you to voice your lame-ass opinions in the newspaper whenever we're hard up for copy. If you really like a movie, book, song, Bazooka Joe cartoon, mime routine, orifice, fungal growth or apocalyptic oral ballad, and if you can write, then tell us about it and we might publish it or something. The editor will not alter your opinion if he disagrees with it, although he may beat the crap out of you later on.

CJRR
SM88
edmonton independent

SPURTY
THIRTY

Disorganized hacks that we are, we picked thirty saps to grace our latest chart. You have no alternatives.

ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1 Mom's Yer Leper	Jack Dandy Dildo	Sub Pap
2 The Yeast	Into the Forbidden Orifice	Green Pecker
3 Various Artists	Rock for Money	Scony
4 Michael Crud	Spasm Baby Spasm	Jihad
5 Isoceles Anal Truth	Bring Me Lint	Mud
6 Mummified Cow	Jesus Built My Lego Set	Erectra
7 Ludicrous Lepers	Songs that Smell Off	Cargoo
8 The Artist Formerly Known as Bud	Brown Things Come Out Of My Nose & I Eat Them	NNG
9 Yarn Doesn't Exist	Oh Christ My Gonads!!!	Mad
10 Wesley Willis	A Joke in His Own Right	Americunt
11 Granita MacRaunchy	Alanis Stole My Fame	OOO
12 All Lepers Brothers Band	Suddenly, Mucous	Melodiyuck
13 Eat That Sausage	The Road to Eckville	Curbed
14 Weird Al Bundy	Serious Love Ballads	American't
15 Intolerable Feedback	The Puce Album	Tommy Goy
16 Marvin Manson	No-Really, I'm Evil	Matadick
17 Oh No, Not More Lepers	Somebody Shut Off The Tree Shredder	Murge
18 Various Artists	Rock for Drugs	EMQ
19 Liminal Seltzer	I Was a Teenage Eunuch	Warmer
20 Seburagahikuhuh	Gesundheit	Sub Plop
21 Olaf and His Magnificent Mangoes	Simple Songs for Head Trauma Patients	Pulydur
22 Ugly Rug Buggerers	Miggledy-Piggledy-Grunt	MCAIIIEEE
23 Oocytes On Parade	I Found Your Uvula	Touch & Deny
24 Sex?	Rimming For Dollars	Ecstatic Piece
25 Vacuum in Latin	Trying to Blow Up Ohio	Werther
26 Kick Me Quickly	Cute Enough to Breed	Uruguayan
27 The Luddites	Hey, Hey, We Hate Stuff	Trounce
28 Barry Hardup	With A Name Like Barry	Mutt
29 Iguanas Like Me	Fierce Rugged Flatulence	Grunt Royal
30 Butthole Lepers	Electric Leperland	Leapin' Lepers!

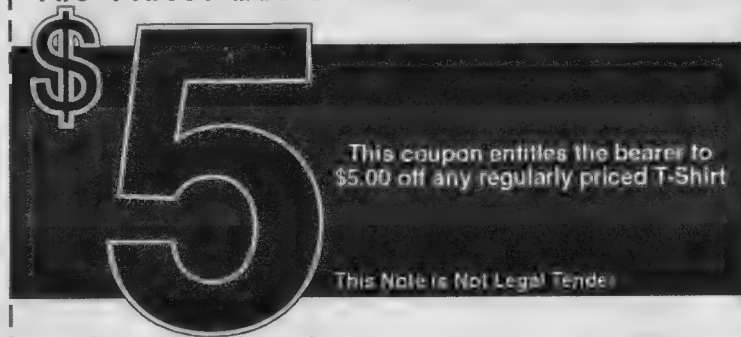


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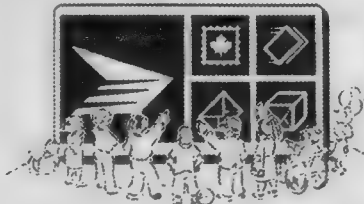
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LOWER LEVEL SUB

SO, LIKE, WRITE ENTERTAINMENT OR SOMETHING. IT'S THE ZEBRA'S ASS. OR AM I THINKING OF ZEBRA'S ASSES THERE...?

spurts

Spurts Editor: Spade Woodchuk 555-FUCK

STRIPPED

by Spade Woodchuk
Innovative.

That might be the one word that best describes the administration at the University of Alberta Department of Athletics.

It seems that the U of A has told Athletics to start finding new ways to save money and generate revenue to make up for the 400,000

in drag and stand on street corners holding signs saying 'If you help Athletics... we'll help you', and purchasing a MacDonell's franchise and building the restaurant on Lister Turf.

Such drastic measures indicate that the department is on its last legs.

"We don't have a fucking clue

"We have 30,000 students on campus, if we kill 3,500 hundred we still have 33,500 students to pick from."

— U of A Athletic Director Ire Read

dollar debt they built up through being numerically dyslexic and mathematically retarded. Most of the ideas for generating revenue and cutting costs were conceived of by Director of Attendance and Everything-That-Isn't-Information, Don Carla.

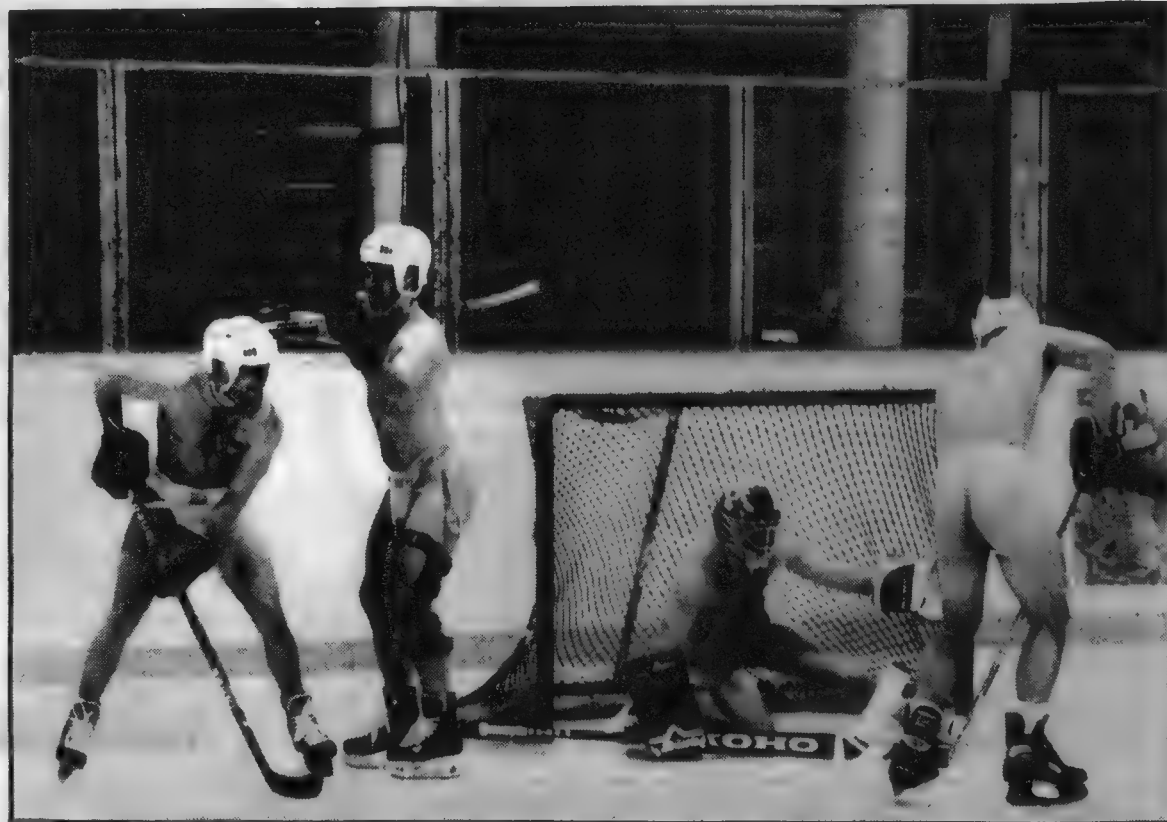
"What the fuck are you talking about? When will people realize that I AM NOT responsible for promotions and attendance at sporting events ... I am not God," said a seemingly irate Carla.

Some of Carla's 'better' ideas included abolishing equipment and uniforms for the Golden Beams hockey team, renting out the Pamdas volleyball team as an escort service, getting Golden Beams basketball players to dress

as to what we should do. All I know is we're fucked, we have only seconds to live," said Athletics Director Ire Read "If anybody is interested in a Pamda call me ... I'm selling at rock bottom prices. Anybody???"

"Why are you asking me? I told you I don't know anything, why doesn't anyone believe me?" said Carla, who curiously seems to be refusing to admit that he is the brains behind Athletics.

The Beams hockey team seems to be the team most affected in competition due to the cutbacks. After being 'stripped' of their equipment and uniforms the team still managed to go 1-25-0 with their only win coming in an exhibition game against U of A faculty



Krap Refinnej

The Bears hockey team, seen here in practice, has been forced to forego the normal equipment and uniforms in a cost saving measure on the part of Athletics.

and Athletics employees which the Beams won 2-1 in overtime.

"This is the dumbest fucking idea Athletics has had since they hired that fuck-up of a coach Pear

Isdale. If I ever get my hands on that Don Carla I'm going rip his head off for coming up with this idea," said Beams assistant carnival Pops Stringy.

"What the hell!?! Why, why, why? I think I'm going to cry," said Carla.

Thanks to this new policy on hockey equipment and uniforms the Beams have had 22 players killed, 88 players maimed, 348 broken bones, 773 bruises, and 12,349 rashes in numerous places on the body.

"I can't get over this. Athletics has sacrificed life for money. I mean, I would have done the same thing, but I would have sacrificed the lives of people I don't know. Now that would have been genius, but I guess Don Carla didn't see that possibility. I mean, we could have sold students into slavery. They've already paid tuition so they're just a burden now, they have no use," said Beams hockey head coach Rowdy Roddy Paumer.

"Leave me alone, I didn't have anything to do with this. I didn't even know I was working for Athletics," added Carla.

Clearly Carla's new 'no-frills' strategy is wreaking havoc with the Athletics teams, at last count 3,459 athletes had been killed due to Carla's new plan. That included the 10 Pamdas field hockey players that were run over in the Jubilation Auditorium parking lot which is where they've been forced to practice since Lister Turf became a MacDonell's.

"Oh, well. We have 30,000 students on campus, if we kill 3,500 hundred we still have 33,500 students to pick from," said Read.

"This isn't my damn plan you fucking retard," said Carla.

If it isn't his plan why is he so defensive?

For his sake it would be wise for him to go into hiding for a while, people are gunning for him.



Krap Refinnej

The Bears hockey team (left) having been forced to wear only the bare minimum for equipment and uniforms has been reduced to only seven players after the rest were obliterated by the opposition due to their lack of equipment.

Trivial Trivia

Who gives a flying fuck?
Not me and not anyone at the Gétaway
What are you going to do about it?
Oops, that's two questions.

Around Athletics...

Not Sports ... pg 8
Again, Not Sports ... pg 1
Almost Sports ... pg 16

Just Missed Sports ... pg 21
Finally, Sports ... pg 18
Doesn't Exist ... pg 40
You'd Like To Know ... pg 10

Letters to Santa

We at the Getaway Sports Department managed to intercept (steal) a shipment of letters to Santa from prominent U of A and non-U of A sports figures

Am not

Dear Santa,

I don't want much, all I want is peace on earth and goodwill... no, I don't want that. I want people to get it through their fucking thick neandralthic heads that I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ATTENDANCE AT U OF A SPORTS EVENTS!!!

However, if I was I think I would bus in inmates to sell out all events. Sure it would cost extra money, but we're already 400,000 dollars in debt why not shoot for a million.

Yours truly,
Don Carla
Athletics Information Coordinator

Are to

Dear Santa Claus,

All I really want for Christmas is 400,000 dollars. However, I know that's a lot to ask for so I'd just like a ski mask and a gun.

Now, my department has worked hard this year and been under a lot of pressure so I'd appreciate it if you could give them each something. I was thinking something a long the lines of WORKING CALCULATORS!!! God damn morons, they forget to punch in one damn digit or they can't double check or some fucking crap like that and we go 400,000 dollars in debt. I should fire all their asses. No, I'll just fire the person who's fault it is... the Information Coordinator, Don Carla.

Sorry Santa, anyway have a Merry Christmas and I hope you'll see past my ranting.

Yours truly,
Ire Read
Athletic Director

I am the greatest

Dear Santa,

I think we should get one thing straight. I'm the greatest. The greatest there is, the greatest there ever was, and the greatest there will ever be. With that said you might think I have everything and I do, but for some reason most people think I'm a jerk. One of them told me to ask you for some modesty. I don't know why, I already have tons of humble pie. Anyway, that's all I need for Christmas. I have to go now, people need to see how great I am.

Yours truly,
Jax Semen-tchko
The Greatest

Coverage

Dear Santie,

I would really like a national soccer title, but I'd settle for some media coverage. We're better than the men's team and we beat Calgary, won Crappy West, kicked ass, etc, etc and no one mentioned us. Not even that stupid, crappy student newspaper, the *Getaway*. I hate that stupid paper and that fucking dumb Sports Editor, but they have to cover us because they're the student newspaper and students really care about university sports, especially women's soccer. Don't they!!!

Yours truly,
Davey Tracer
Pamdas soccer coach

You're fucked

Dear Santa,

It seems to me that last year you developed a bit of a sense of humor. Last year I asked you for a team that would get noticed more by the campus, you gave that to me, but I guess you misinterpreted what I wanted.

It's not that I'm ungrateful for what you gave me... WHAT THE HELL AM I TALKING ABOUT? Of course I'm ungrateful. What the hell were you thinking? DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I CAN RUIN YOUR REPUTATION CHIMNEY BOY!!!

What were you doing up there in the North Pole? Were you and your little elves (does Mrs. Claus know about them) doing when you saw that we started losing? Did you have a good laugh?

Well I hope you enjoyed those laughs because the next time you laugh, you'll be thinking of me.

If I was you I'd be extra careful when I go down my chimney this year!!!

Yours irately,
LongBomb Weltskin
Golden Beams football coach

Santa for everyone

Dear Santa,

Why do I like little boys? Can you cure me please, for Christmas?
Love, Goug Dilmour

Could you please give me a case of Jack Daniels? I sure like drinking.
Love, Fryan Bogarty

I just want some poo-resistant garbage cans and the Shuttle Tiederian
I hate Christmas - Fish

Hey Santa, how about some rent from my roommate? Love Stephen N.

I sure like it here in the afterlife, you can have all the drugs you want
Thanks for putting me here
Kohn Jordic

I would like a Porsche 928 for Christmas. Oh wait, I wrecked the last one you gave me.
Brick walls are a real bitch.
Love, Pirelle Lindberg

I really really want the Missisipi guide to spitting games
Thanks, Roberto Alomar

Could I have Howie Meekers hockey basics for Christmas?
Love, Sergei Fedorov and Eric Lindros

Can I have all the Dr. Who episodes in a unmarked brown envelope sent to my home.
Love Pete "Oh god no don't publish this" Pachal.

PACESETTER

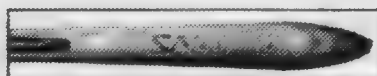
Edmonton's Largest Specialty
Ski & Snowboard Shoppes

SALOMON

Carving Anyone? ProLink Axendo 9

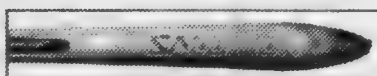
Carving turns is one of skiing's greatest rushes, and nothing carves easier than Salomon's ProLink Axendo 9. Its "pure carve" hourglass shape lets you cut clean, tight turns, while its oversize monocoque construction and ProLink sytem keep the tip and tail pressed to the snow for increased edge grip and rock solid stability. On any kind of snow. On any kind of terrain. With ProLink Axendo 9, we aren't just making better skis, were making better skiers. Reg. \$750.⁰⁰ **\$649.⁰⁰**

SKI
MAGAZINE SEPT. ISSUE



Salomon ProLink Axendo 9

What can you say about a ski that gets the highest raw score in the entire ski test, beating out more than 200 other skis? Buy it.
"It'll raise your level and lower your handicap," said Terry Palmer.



Salomon ProLink Axendo 9

"What a well-versed ski," said Patti Sherman-Kauf. "The Axendo doesn't make turns, it hugs them. Comes around beautifully. I took it in the bumps and the racecourse and had a fantastic ride in both."

WESTEND
10054-167 St.
(Next to McDonald's)
483-2005

SOUTHSIDE
6604-104 St.
434-3829

Spurts editor splattered

NLHL superstar, Patrice de la Fountain, pummels editor

by Lunar Pondlover

Getaway Spurts Editor Spade Woodchuk was hospitalized recently following a run-in with Buffalo Sadres center Patrice de la Fountain.

De la Fountain got wind of Woodchuk's consuming obsession with the NLHL's (National Losers' Hockey League) superstar, and paid the editor a very special visit at the Getaway offices.

Numerous anonymous sources confirm that as the Sabres captain walked into the Getaway offices and saw the 10 foot shrine Woodchuk built to honour him, de la Fontaine went totally berserk, screaming, "You fucking maniac!! Who do you think you are? I am Patrice de la Fountain, the best goddamn hockey player in the motherfucking world!! You think you are worthy of worshipping me? Think again!!"

Grabbing Woodchuk by the neck, de la Fountain repeatedly threw him against the doors of each office in the media room, paying special attention to the door of Managing Editor, Dill Pickleson, which Woodchuk bitched about daily.

After indenting Pickleson's door, de la Fountain left Woodchuk crying in a crumpled heap on the floor. The Spurts Editor was heard

to say, "But, we met. I actually know you. Don't you remember? That one time in the visitor's dressing room at the Coliseum, you looked at me!! I thought we were friends. I breathed the same air as you!!"

Laughing maniacally, de la Fountain began muttering unintelligible things beneath his breath as

"De la Fountain was crazy, man. Like, he was all, 'who do you think you are' to Spade. And Spade was all, 'But I thought we were friends' and stuff. The whole thing was just out of control. My head was like, spinning or some crazy shit."

— Getaway Spews Editor Hose Upchuk

he kicked at the still-twitching Woodchuk.

Spews editor Hose Upchuk witnessed the brutal beating.

"De la Fountain was crazy, man. Like, he was all, 'who do you think you are' to Spade. And Spade was all, 'But I thought we were friends' and stuff. The whole thing was just out of control. My head was like, spinning or some crazy shit," said Hose.

The entire event was photographed by Getaway photographer, Coleslaw Melanoma.

"This was fucking great!! A real gangland-style beating. My very first one, too! It was just as wicked as that Green Day concert I went to," said Melanoma.

Witnesses say that de la Fountain appeared to calm down somewhat until he noticed his gold and ruby encrusted jersey number hanging from a 20 ounce gold rope chain around Woodchuk's neck.

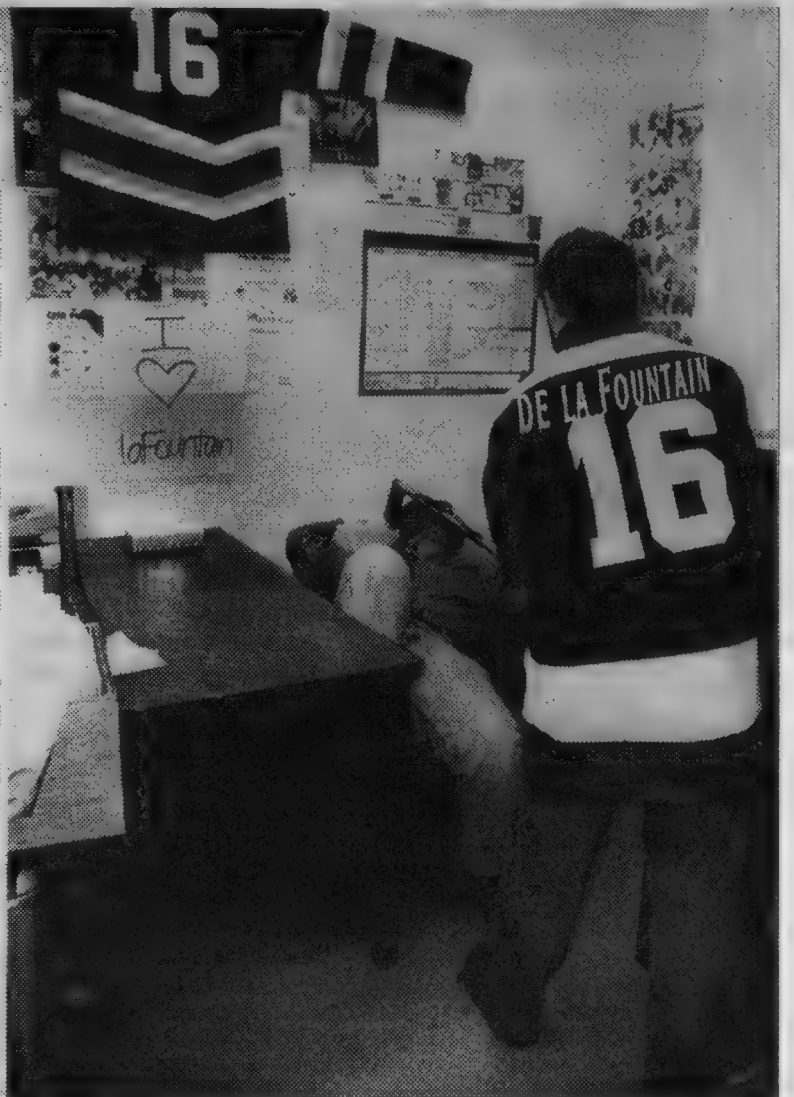
"You psycho son-of-a-bitch! You have some major problems!! Get a fucking life!!" said de la Fountain.

De la Fontaine ripped the necklace from Woodchuk's neck and after pummeling him 10 or 20 times with Woodchuk's own Easton aluminum hockey stick, he ran from the Getaway of-

fices screaming, "Mommy, Mommy."

Coincidentally, the number one Billboard hit single "la-la-la Fountain" was playing on the radio as the furious attack took place.

Doctors at Alberta Hospital report Woodchuk's condition to be stable, but that he tends to holler, "now we have a special bond, Patrice. You sweated on me, you touched me! I am so lucky. I love you, man."



Coleslaw Melanoma

NLHL superstar Patrice de la Fountain (#16) felt compelled to beat the shit out of Getaway Sports Editor Spade Woodchuk. We here at the Getaway would like to thank Mr. de la Fountain for doing what we've all wanted to do.

Dinkosaurs dinks as they skip out on Pamdas

by Penis Ferndoser

Oh, yeah. The 'road conditions' that's what kept the University of Calamari Dinkosaurs from their match with the Pandas last week.

The Dinkos, who can only dream of the success the Pamdas have, 'missed' their match because of the horrible road conditions.

Sure, they really wanted to be at the game when they knew they were going to LOSE HORRIBLY!!!! The Dinkos knew they didn't stand

a chance against the Pamdas and they decided to save face and not show up for the game.

Pamdas Jenocide Cartwheel said she understands why other teams don't want to play against them.

"Everyone out there knows that we're a way better team than they are. It's just time that everyone accepts that, then they can get on with their lives. Even ask the Calamari players, they'll tell you

the real reason that they didn't show up. I find it hard to imagine that they actually allow screw-ups like that to live, let alone go to university. They're stupid, I mean they're insane," said Cartwheel.

Cartwheel proved to be right when an Calamari player, Ima Idiosaurus confirmed what she said.

"No, no, the roads weren't that bad. I mean, I could see the birdies flying in the sky. Oh, shit, I wasn't

supposed to say that. I mean, no the damn roads were covered in snow!!! Don't you think we would have shown up to lose, I mean play, the game if we could?" said Idiosaurus.

Idiosaurus couldn't deny the slip so she covered up the way any experienced Dinko player would.

"Give us a break!!! We always lose to the Pandas, man. We just got sick and tired of losing all the time. We feel like total losers. Nobody comes to watch us play anymore, everyone laughs at us. You don't hear the jokes, you don't have to read the headlines. 'Oh yeah, here come the Dinkos, they're scarier than a T-Rex'," Idiosaurus said.

What she did after should not reach the eyes of the young read-

ers.

Idiosaurus started screaming, she grabbed the closest available Pamdas jersey and tried to rub it all over her body.

"Please, just let me wear this one time. Let me feel the feeling of success!!! Oh, it feels so good. Oh, God, oh God," said Idiosaurus.

At that point, police dogs got involved, and the situation got even uglier. Idiosaurus mistook one of the police dogs for a woolly mammoth and she attempted to engage it in battle.

Needless to say, the dog is now in the psycho ward at the hospital for mentally disturbed animals and Idiosaurus is spending her days wandering the Alberta plains in search of her ancestors.

U of A sports sexism '96

by the Three Musketeers

Well, the last day of classes are once again upon us and what that means is that the Getaway is graced with the annual (and might I add highly anticipated) sexist sports column.

Before we begin we'd like to thank our sponsors, Royal Reserve and Pepsi, who without their contributions this all would not be possible and the female athletes wouldn't look half as good.

First we'd like to make a suggestion to all the coaches of sub-par Pamdas teams... go with the Earls approach, cut talent and go with looks.

To the girls wrestling team members, any time you want to lay a submission hold on me the Iron Sheik will be ready.

Pamdas gymnastic squad, you can do the splits on my beam any time, just make sure you stick the dismount. This is a formal invitation to all the gymnasts; you can drive me home from RATT when you turn 16.

Women's soccer; this is a sport where you can mention the words

head, balls and scoring without being charged for harassment. Ahhhhhh, ball juggling, no hands... goooooo.

To the Pamdas Track and Field team, forget ITV and plant my pole, after all 'you're one of ours'. Don't forget to arch your back when you hit the 15 foot mark.

Gettin' wet again, how about that rowing club. Take a firm grip of the oar and stroke, stroke, stroke! Here's a thought, women's heavy-weight rowing crew — Go Titanic Go!

— continued on different page as something

The Power Plant Presents
The Rob Taylor Band

Friday December 6th

8:00 PM

Drink Specials!

Cover only \$3.00

Treat yourself to a well deserved

STUDY BREAK!



The Jehovah's Waitresses
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Proudly Present

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Night
OUT!**

Members and Guests

Room At



7th Floor SUB

The Top

Seuss in sports

by Bigass Whoreshak

"Go to the game," Spade said to me
With my press pass, it was free
The court was full, the stands were not
And basketball was what I got!

The game of basketball is one
Where big tall guys jump up and run.
They shoot and shoot and shoot some more
Hopefully, they'll someday score.

They threw it here, they threw it there
They threw the big ball everywhere
They threw it far, they threw it near
They called time out, I went for beer.

The referees were blind as mice
The coach was mad, his words weren't nice.
They called a foul, the Beams, they cried
"It wasn't our fault that guy died!"

One minute left, Beams up by one
A few cheap shots, the game was done.
The crowd went wild, let up a cheer
Time to go. I need a beer.

Paraffin cries for basketballs

by Hose Upchuk

The NLBA has a new expansion team. Thanks to the efforts of SU vp external 'Poots' Paraffin. Paraffin, a former basketball 'star' who was nonetheless rejected by the Golden Bears, felt a NLBA basketball team would raise the profile of post-secondary education in Alberta.

"Why should Bear-shit get all the media attention? Forget running for MLA. I want to slam-dunk for students," said Paraffin.

University President and team manager Bod Gazer defended the move.

"No one actually follows elections anyway since they're all rigged by the Tories," said Gazer "Pro sports is much more in line with the mainstream Alberta mentality. Besides, this way we can increase our accessibility and accountability, expand our market share, make the university more indisputably recognized, 'right-size' our employability quotient ... blah, blah, blah."

The expansion team, called 'Students Make Sense', played its first game of the season against the

Chico Bulls on Monday night. The score was 59.87-40 for the Students, but the Bulls cried foul and attempted to declare the game void because the 'Students' said they would win by 60 or forfeit the game and they didn't get 60.

"This is the real world, not the University! We round up over here, I can accept that. What I can't accept is getting my ass kicked by a bunch of diploma-carting egg-heads!" fumed Bulls star Denis Roadman, who promptly had hair plugs grafted to his cranium so his bald scalp couldn't in any way be interpreted as a sign of 'egg-headedness.'

In Ontario, former SU vp external Mutt Bluff is also starting an expansion team called the 'CASA Ass-Kissers'. Both University teams may face-off against each other at some point, but since none of the institutions involved can afford proper gymnasiums the games will probably be played in campus cafeterias. This opens up a whole new opportunity for sponsorship as fast-food chains lobby for the opportunity to have NLBA stars faceplant into their entrees.

— Something continued from somewhere

Pandas swimming; breast-stroke, make your own jokes.

Women's Kung-Fu club; Hi-Yaaaaaa! See-Yaaaaa! Need we say more.

The Womens Fencing club is next on the list, do we still score points for poking you? TOUCHE!

To the Pandas basketball team, I have great ball control, how about a 2 on 1? Be sure to bring your towels, because I double dribble.

Hey, ballroom dance club, if

you're good at the Tango you might give me a Charleston. But save the Macarana for the 'Bu.

And finally, this goes out to all the girls in the weight room; spandex can only hold back so much, ever heard of duct tape?

Well that's a rap for '96, the R&R is gone and everyone is starting to look ugly again.

See yah in '97 with the new recruits.

Spurts Silo

Sport Key - SHL - Smurty hockey league, WBA - Wife Beating Association, HTRU - How to wreck a university, ARL - Avoiding real life, SUL - Stupid Union League, BPGL - Battlin' Pagan Gods League, BOGL, Battling Out of date Gods league, CML - Corporate Murder Association, UT - Urine testing, IPSIG - I'm the president so I'm god, WUHPL - Washed up Hockey Players league, WPRTML - Who'll pay the rent this month league, FPWA - Famous people with Alzheimer's, HTAC - How to Americanize Canada - GCL - Government Conspiracy League, OMSL - Overpaid Misfits of Society League

MFL, Monkey Fun league, PWUHL - People who used to have lives league

Odds	Visitor	Home	V	H	H
SHL	Maple Leafs	A bunch of smurfs	5.60	4.50	1.25
WBA	O.I.	The Law	1.45	4.35	3.50
HTRU	U of A	Mediocrity	3.16	4.15	1.35
ARL	Responsibility	Darren Zenko	1.05	6.10	9.15
SUL	Canadian Airlines	Bankruptcy	4.35	2.05	1.85
BPGL	Buddha	Vishnu	2.75	2.05	1.50
BOGL	Allah	Jehovah	1.15	3.10	4.50
	Apollo	Zeus	3.15	3.60	1.15
CMA	Union Carbide	Bhopal	1.15	3.45	4.10
UT	Damas Cowboys	Drug Suspensions	1.85	2.90	3.10
IPSIG	B.Clointon	Whitewater Hearing	1.50	1.85	1.10
WUHPL	S.Wordchuk	P. de la Fountain	2.50	1.50	2.90
WPRTML	Notley	Griwkowsky	1.25	1.65	5.60
FPWA	Dementia	Dan Chirry	1.65	2.55	3.05
HTAC	CBC	Cutback Idiots	3.45	5.40	1.35
GCL	JFK truth	Government	3.50	1.80	2.35
OMSL	Good Sense	Belle's Salary	6.75	6.50	1.05
MFL	Canada's Ski Team	monkeys	3.50	2.00	1.35
PWUHL	B.Whoreshak	A.Khulua	9.05	1.02	9.00




From All the Staff at

Special Sessions

Have a Safe & Happy Holiday!

Intersession 1997 calendars will be available
January 2 at 4-107A Education North
and on-line in January
<http://www.ualberta.ca/~specsess/>
phone 492-3752

ass-is-fried

Advertising: A shadow 992-3275

WANTED

Wanted: A life. Yup, I still need one. Please e-mail loser@gpu.srv.ualberta.ca and give me the URL I need

Wanted: Lovers. Experienced lovers charging \$9.95 and up. Must walk the Corner of Fort Rd. and 66 St. Phone: 413-SLUT.

Corpse Delivery door to door. Near University area and south side. P/T. Flexible hours. Earn Cash!!! 430-DEAD

Gain martial arts techniques (like in Karate Kid™), great wrist power + a really smokin' tan. Due West Student Painting is now accepting applications 1-STU-PID-TWIT

Several P.T. positions available evenings and weekends until 2:30 a.m.. General aide duties in downtown mental institution. Must pass security & psychological clearance. Reply to: Sigmund Freud, P.O. Box 1903, Germany A55 253.

Wanted: One heavy female singer for trite, boring band. Styles vary from Monkees to Partridge Family to Milli Vanilli. Ages 16-80.

Full time position available for any young female to be my mistress. Any age acceptable. RSVP to Throd Phaser, U of A

Nipponophile needs someone to help fulfill a fantasy of living out scenes from his favorite manga comics. Dirty little baka wanted. Tansho need not apply. Henna Hito.

Wanted: someone to scratch my ass.

FOR RENT

For rent: My brilliant brain. \$365.00/month. Call 434-1EGO.

Spacious, big ass for oral or standard sexual pleasure. I need to make rent, and my rates are good, \$200-\$310. Call 43W-HORE

BACHELOR BLOWING UP. Rents start at \$285, and rapidly lowers after demolition. Close to Grandin LRT, clean & quiet before demolition, condemned bldg. Free cardboard box included. Call 429-BOMB. Furnished suites also available, but only for a limited time!

Large immaculate 4 bedroom basement suite. 101 Street, Jasper Ave. \$100 includes 4 appliances and all utilities. Only condition is that you eat my ass. 44D-REAM

Looking for large two bdr. roommate, far from university. 4WE-IRDO

A dingy hovel for rent in St.Albert. only \$2000/day. No, I'm not gouging you, it's probably the best price you'll ever see! Call RIP-OFF

FOR SALE

My ass. It's stinky, and I don't want it anymore. If you like big, smelly buttocks, and feel like paying \$50 o.b.o., call 476-7ASS

The Gateway. Slightly used, always controversial, editors included. \$2, o.b.o. Call G. Pissdon at 499-DUMB

SERVICES

Oh boy will I ever service you. Ya baby, YA!

SEX WORKS: sex processing (A.S.S. specialist) grammatical fore-play, animal sex. Experienced flatback near campus. Call Nadine after 12:00, 433-BABY.

Karate Class Level 10 begins Tuesday, January 14 and Level 20 begins Wednesday, January 15 for 2 weeks, 6:30-9:30 p.m.. Learn how to kill people with your bare hands and feet, call 4HI-YAAA

Fucking by Michealanne. Acrylic, Rubber, Leather. \$25.00 for new customers. Leave message @ 43B-IGHO

Papers eaten, with relish. Never again will you need an excuse. \$1.50/ page. Rudi 439-6442

LAME Computer Processing. Word processing, student papers and much more. 1-4WE-ARE-LAME.

LOST & FOUND

Found: Some guy's dick in Van Vleet men's locker room, late October. Please contact: 461-DICK to identify & reclaim.

Lost: My ass. Please find it for me, I can't sit down without it! Please do not return any more holes in the ground. I can tell the difference. Garrett

Found: A whole bunch of weed. Call 911 to reclaim

Lost: my virginity. Please, if anyone finds it, will you please return it? I didn't mean to lose it, honest! Last seen in Lambda Alpha Shwa House

Lost: Five perfectly good submarines in West Ed pool. We asked the mallrats if they took it, and they said no. We're mystified! If found, call WEM-SUKS

Found: something green and glowing under the floor of BioSci. It's been moving around, and I don't really want it anymore. Please call 411-U232 to reclaim

OTHER

blah blah blah blah blah blah

Hey, are you still reading these? Man, are you pathetic. And if you're still reading after being insulted like that, man are you ever stupid! Geez! Get a life!

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah Shut the fuck up - that's our motto!

To the guy that always sits in the fourth seat of the eighth row of PSYCH 211, uses red binders, except for your MATH 206 class, which is yellow, and usually takes the 4:12 bus #39 home every Thursday and had dinner at 6:30 pm on Monday last week in the living room wearing pink Calvin Klein undies... Let's get together! Call me or I'll call you. ObservNT.

Hey bitch! How 'bout you restrict it to 3 lines, eh? —Illuminator

Dear Billy, if I drop the soap, will you pick it up? John

Reindeer. Gleep sop the flip trop! Santa. To that cute chick in Hub-Hi, UR cute! That guy in Hub. Please respond here.

Hey, Vixen in POLISCI 407— Why don't we have coffee sometime? I could pour it all over you while we watch Mr. Bean. David Smith.

shiele, my wounds are starting to heal, how about another date? Mas o kissed.

You are a DIRTY BOY AND YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

Inane comment—the Illuminator Bears Wrestling team—We'll kick your ass! —Bears Hockey team

P. Niss Envy— No real joke here, just wanted to use that name.

Production Editor seeks yummy boy. Apply in person. References preferred.

Washed up managing/sports editor seeks trashy production editor alter ego. Whutta Coincidence.

ROBOTS! The robots are coming! This isn't a TLF. Don't put it at the back of the paper! It's a warning! STOP LAUGHING!

Oh, be quiet—Tammy

Are you pulling on my hat for a reason?

I have either a banana in my pocket or something else... wanna find out what it is, i'll be in trail at 2:15 on Saturday.

Gobo, Mokey, Wimbley, Boober, RED!

Cthulu for president of the University of Alberta. At least we'll know where all the money is going...

Autobots, transform and roll out!—the biggest gaylord that ever fucking lived.

Please kill him.

Alors! Il y a un ours dans mes pantalons! I'm gonna run to you—Bryan

Okay, like, this is a TLF for this girl I know who wanted a TLF, but left before she could give it to me? So, like, here it is? Ciao PAY ATTENTION TO ME!!!! —Tammy

No

Looking for a sixteen year old who likes showers; golden ones. Ashley M.

Brenda, this is the final act in our little tragedy, and besides, my cock is sore. Mr. Bad Example.

Animal Guy—Uh uh uh uh uuuh, uuuh uh uh uuuuuh UHH! Don't stop now! —X-Ray Girl

Happy Birthday you fucker! I hope you live to see 21, so I can fuck you up real good! Asshole

Thanks for returning my wallet, how about returning my money next time?

Handy—Hey Smurf, why don't you take your smurfs and go smurf yourself up your smurfing smurf? Papa

Data—I01101010001011101010001110, Fucko!—Spock

Maudits collisses de merde à la Faculté Saint-Jean: allez manger d'la merde, vous maudits! Ben hostie! —MTL

I am so cool I deserve a TLF. Me.

Hey, so what d'ya think of our joke issue here, eh? Pretty cool huh? —the Getaway

Fuckwaldo. —Illuminator

To the fuckdick guy in the suit at the front of the class behind the podium who fucking talks through all of Phys 312—SHUT THE FUCK UP! —the class

No matter how carefully you sneak up on a mirror, your reflection always looks you in the eye... Angel Heart

TO THE GUY WHO WROTE THE LAST TLF, let's get together. ;)—Tammy

Rhonda(?) at squires the other night, Thursday(?) Get out of my house! You were attractive with the beer goggles on, but man have I sobered up. Go back to your trailer park! Anonymous

...so I was humping this chick the other day, and she said I was the humpingist hump she ever humped. And then she dumped me, mid-hump. Man!

Mary—Christ, mass! L. Aim

THREE lines, you fuckers.

Illuminator & Tammy

surly bob's ass...



...will not be seen this week. Why? Well you stupid sod, I certainly wasn't going to ask him to put his ass on display for you, the raving lunatics of the public. Geez!

• There will be much butt munching at the Ass Eaters' Convention this Tuesday, December the 45th, at the Alberta Parliamentary Buildings. If anyone wishes to attend, too bad! (unless you happen to be a student politician)

• Blah blah fucking blah, blah blah ass blah-blah. Blah Shadow rules blah-blah blah assmunch, blah blah blah-blah-blah 2:30pm, blah-blah blah. Blah blah-blah fuckers blah blah blah ass!

• The Alien Segregation Society (A.S.S.), will hold it's annual convention in the University of Aliens Convention Centre this January. Any rednecks and other losers wishing to attend, call 288-4323 (BUT-HEAD)

• The Department of Philosophy presents Alex S. Simonson speaking on "Fucking, Fucking, and more Fucking" on Dec. 5, at 3:30 p.m., in Humanities Center 2-69.

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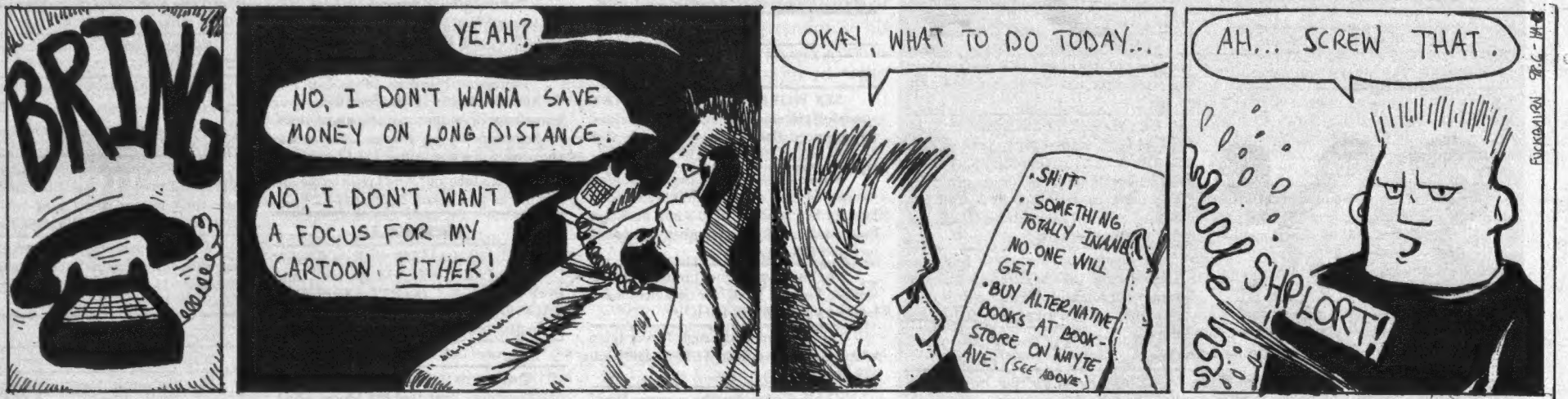
Okay readers, how d'ya like
reading things sideways? Like, cool, huh?

- Tammy

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Mr. Irregularly Published



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